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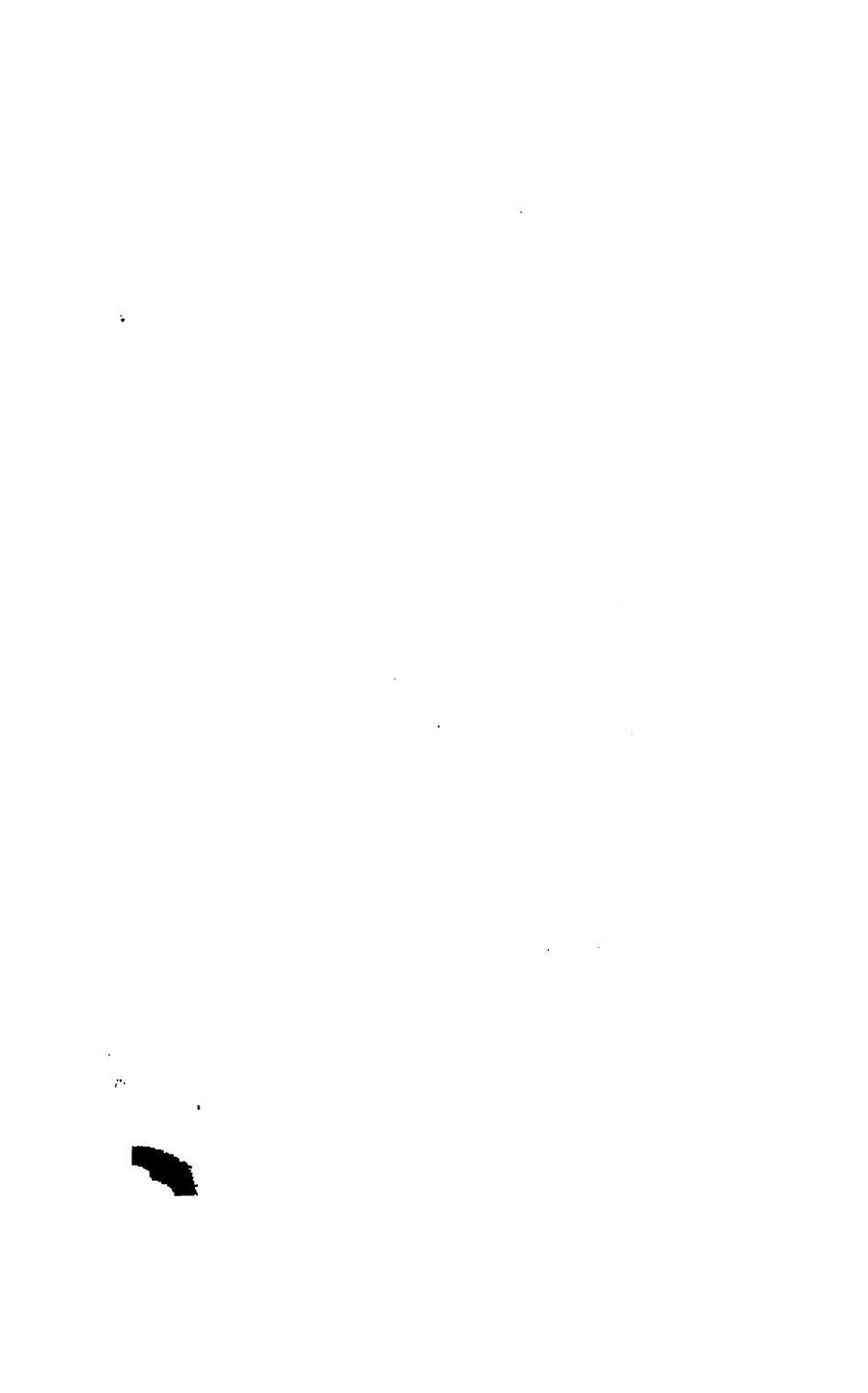
1







THE ROMANCE OF THE DREAMER.



THE
ROMANCE OF THE DREAMER,
AND OTHER POEMS;

BY
JOSEPH EDWARDS CARPENTER.

"Just now I've ta'en the fit of rhyme,
My barmie noddle's working prime,
My fancy yerkit up sublime,
 Wi' hasty summon ;—
Hae ye a leisure moment's time
 To hear what's comin' ?"
BURNS.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

The following poems, written at intervals, and in moments snatched from close application to the active pursuits of business, put forth few claims to the honours awarded to finished and well digested compositions.

The longest of the pieces—'The Romance of the Dreamer'—owes its production chiefly to a desire expressed by many of the author's friends that he would attempt something beyond the range of a song or an occasional piece, consisting merely of a few stanzas;—a species of composition in which he has met with encouragement far beyond what he had ventured to hope, and, he fears, somewhat beyond his desert.

These remarks are offered in explanation only, and not in extenuation of the faults which may be discerned in the little volume now offered to the public. To

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ROMANCE OF THE DREAMER.

"I called on dreams and visions, to disclose
That which is veiled from waking thought."

WORDSWORTH.

I.—THE ITALIAN MOTHER.

I.

"'Tis at the solemn hour of thought,
When minds, which shun the world's dull sphere,
Have holy inspirations caught
From midnight visions—dreamings, dear
To memory's consecrated hour,—
Communings with a higher power ;—
When the wrapt soul would penetrate
The workings of the hidden state.

"Oh night! thou givest harmonies
That thrill within the human breast,
Like strange, but sweetest melodies,
Breathed by the voices of the blest ;

Deep thoughts, and deeper feelings lie
Beneath thy veil of mystery !”

Thus one, who from a lattice gazed
Upon the starry vault above,
Gave speech to thought, his hands upraised,
Yet humbly, as imbued with love
For Him, upon whose radiant throne
Those myriad stars refulgent shone :
Yet gazed he on those starry skies,
As he would read their mysteries,
Beyond what man may dare to hope.
The Orrery, the Astroscope,
To him were but familiar things ;—
More vague and wild imaginings
Busied his brain. Deep skilled was he
In many a mystic theory.
In magic lore he was a sage,
Though e’en a very boy in age.
He lived but in a world of thought,
With wild, uncertain dreamings fraught ;
Books were to him—he loved them so—
What were the friends of other men ;
Nor knew he reason to forego
Those of the mighty mind and pen.
The actual world he lov’d not,—he
Of the wild schools of Germany,

Had conned the wildest lore.—The flower
That scents the gale at vesper hour ;
The merry dance at even-tide,
When night's soft shadows onward glide ;
The peasant girl, with eyes of blue,
And the free-hearted peasant too ;
The music of the mountain stream ;
The day's first tints, that redly beam ;
The merry dance—the festive board,
When the sparkling ruby tide is pour'd,
All were uncared for : he would dwell
Musing in his scholastic cell,
Dreaming his life away—yet once he knew
Something of life and feeling too.—
This was his tale. My muse must wing
Backward her flight to his life's spring ;
When fairy scenes, of fount and flowers,
Made up life's morn of rosy hours.

II.

Within an old Baronial dwelling—
Beneath whose time-enchanted walls
A deep, dark river, onward swelling,
Rush'd ever past those gloomy halls—
He dwelt ; a lonely, artless child,
Amid the picturesque and wild.

Oft would he watch the rapid flood,
As on the embattled tower he stood,
A tale of blood those waters gave ;
His heart lay buried in that wave.
But back my muse, and gradual shew
The influence of this early woe,
On him, whose fate it was to be
Linked but to scenes of mystery !

III.

His mother—would that pen could trace
The outlines of that radiant face !—
The brightness of her own blue skies
Dwelt in the brilliance of her eyes ;
Her home had been Italia's bowers,
The land of sunshine, smiles and flowers.

IV.

Oh man ! with what consummate art
He learns to play the traitor's part !
Mark with what skill the snare he lays,
Then spurns the victim he betrays ;
Ashamed to think,—to look afraid
Upon the havoc he has made !
So Sylva—such th' Italian's name—
A willing sacrifice became,

When, leaving that fair home and land,
To wander on a foreign strand,
A stranger's low and witching tone
Made music sweeter than her own :—
He sigh'd, vow'd, flatter'd, prais'd, and won—
She listen'd, lov'd,—and was undone.
She fled with Stolberg from the bowers
Where she had passed her girlhood's hours.—
Far from that land of bright romance
In cities, mid the fair and gay,
On Britain's shore—in merry France,
Where pleasure circled, there were they.
But, that dream ended, she awoke—
The spell was o'er—the charm was broke.
She must endure the parting hour ;
Her heart—a blighted, broken flower.
For Stolberg never more may roam,
Wand'ring from his paternal home :
No—he must seek his native land ;
Lord of her heart, but not her hand.
A Baron now of high degree,
Must he return across the sea,
To claim his heritage, and reign,
A despot, in his new domain.

He coldly muttered “We must part ;”
Those withering words wreck'd mind and heart.

Had she been reared in halls of pride,
She might have been a Baron's bride ;
As t'was, he left her—in a land
Far from her own wrong'd household band,—
That home, whose joys she might not share,
She—the accursed one—no, not there!—
Then—not till then—did she awaken.

The past—to that she dared not look ;
And, for the future—thus forsaken

By him for whom she *all* forsook,—
How sharp a pang that future gave,—
A broken heart—an early grave !

V.

One link—the firmest in love's chain—
Bound her to Earth,—her infant son.
Her only prayer was, to remain
To watch o'er that devoted one,
Whose smiles of youth and beauty told
Of the sad memories of old.
Time past, and little Albert grew
Dearer—yet like his father too.
She never breathed that father's shame,
But taught him e'en to bless that name :
To her, it told of by-gone years,
Of unrequited love and tears.

Years passed away—no Stolberg came,
No spark of Love's extinguished flame
In him was e'er relit—he sent
No token that he might relent.
No missives brought her comfort now,—
She of the aching heart and brow.

VI.

Slowly, beneath the weight of care,
Her cheek grew pale, her brow more fair,
Her eyes, that shone so brightly blue,
From languor gained a deeper hue ;
Her slender form more fragile seem'd,
More pensive were the smiles that beam'd,
Like shadows, over that sweet face,
Through which there gleam'd consumption's hectic
trace.

VII.

It came at last—she knew that she must die ;
And then the fire of her Italian blood
Burned in her veins, and sparkled in her eye ;
And often, as the hapless mother stood
Gazing on that loved boy, has she been heard
To mutter vengeance :—cold neglect had stirred
The embers of past wrongs into a flame,
That glowed but to avenge her injured name.

I will not dwell upon the gloomy past
Of her sad story,—from the stranger's door,
Towards which one look of gratitude she cast,
She turn'd. She left it to return no more,—
To pass o'er distant lands and ocean's foam,
Seeking, for that lone boy, his rightful home.
Yet Albert sigh'd to leave those pleasant hills,
And fair green fields,—they were his childhood
home ;
The murmuring of the bees, the gushing rills,
The daisied mead, o'er which he'd gaily roam,
To cull field flowers, in happy, sportive play,—
Nor deem them then types of his life's young day.
His mother told him of the sunny lands,
The flow'rs that bloom'd beyond the western wave;
Of pearl-shells, scattered upon golden sands,
And all the wonders that creation gave :
But yet he clung to that sweet cottage scene,
Where his first, only, hours of bliss had been.

II.—THE BARON.

I.

It was not mirth that lit the flashing eye,
Nor joy that circled round the festive board,—
Though loud the laughter—though the feast ran high,
And bright the Tuscan juice the wine-cup pour'd,—
The welcome guests who quaff'd rich goblets there,
Drank to the dregs, as men to drown despair.
Music was ready at the Bacchant's call,
Yet mirth was absent from that banquet hall;—
Soul-less it seemed, as each one there had known
No heart to soothe or harmonize his own;
Music and song, it seemed, had lost their power
To cheer, yet tranquillize, the festive hour,
For music maddened, and the ribald song
But added tumult to the joyless throng.
And he—the giver of that wine-feast, he—
Whose banners floated in the gilded hall,
The last of a long line, whose ancestry
Was proudly blazoned on that trophied wall—
With pallid cheek he pledged each noble there,
And strove to wake the mirth he could not share.

* * * * *

II.

The glittering lights that from the castle shone
Proclaimed the scene of revelry within,
Long after night her sable veil had thrown
O'er Earth's fair face : as if a world of sin
Blush'd for its crimes, and, 'neath night's sombre hue,
Reigned for a few brief hours to Nature true.
That it might be so, that at least one hour
Of universal prayer, when mind is freed
From worldly vanities, and worldly power,
Would contrite sinners to their Maker lead !—
To Him who is both Ruler of the night,
And the great Giver of the morning's light !
The last faint shadows of declining day
Still found the weary wanderers on their way—
They who had travelled far, o'er land and sea,
Companioned still by hopeless misery :
From day to day they pass'd, o'er wild and moor,
Till night brought shelter at the stranger's door,
Mother and son—there Heaven ordained them rest,
Oft they the Cotter's lowly pillow press'd ;—
For them some honest peasant turned aside,
With kindly zeal to solace, help and guide.
Thus wearily pass'd many a month away,
Till, through the shades of the descending day,
A home-returning woodman points the towers,—
The long-sought, dreaded, goal of toilsome hours.

Nearer they come, yet Sylva trembles now ;
With pale hand press'd upon her burning brow,
She stands irresolute—twixt love and fear.
To her the visions of past hours appear ;
E'en *now*—so hope still lingers to the last—
For one kind word would she forgive the past.
But hark ! that revel laugh—that minstrel strain—
She hears—the injured Mother lives again !
She passed the castle gate—a faithful few
Of Stolberg's vassals, 'mong that sturdy crew,
Had serv'd him, when the fair one by his side
Their willing duties claimed, as Stolberg's bride.
Each with bewildered senses humbly stand.
They thought her buried in a foreign land.
She passes unmolested through the throng,
And gains the hall of revelry and song.

III.

“ A pledge—a pledge ! ”—each fill'd the goblet high,
Shouting obedient to the Bacchant cry
Of him who gave, with manly voice and air—
“ The forms we love, the trusting, absent fair ! ”
Each breath'd some cherish'd name, then kiss'd the cup,
Save Stolberg—as they raised the goblet up ;
His guests they greet him with a bitter laugh ;
The forms they love, in sparkling wine they quaff.

“Hold,” cried the Baron—“brother Bacchants, shame!
Nor deem that I can breathe no lov’d one’s name.
Though little skilled in aught, save war’s alarms;
I too, have revelled in a wanton’s arms;
A wild Italian played the tempter’s part,
And thaw’d the icy nature of my heart;
And, for the memory of her witching powers,
I’ll pledge the idol of those vanished hours.”

He grasped the cup—he rose him in his chair,
Yet, e’er he spoke, a low voice said “Beware!
Proud Baron pause—she was no wanton maid,
She—you have slandered—ruined—and betrayed.
Fiend!—less than human—will thy poisonous breath
Spare not thy victim, doomed to all—but death;
Is’t not enough the cup of grief is poured—
That it becomes the sport of banquet-board?
Hath honour fled for aye her ruined shrine,
To be a word men scoff at in their wine?”
Up start the guests, with looks of wild surprise,
Doubt on their brows, and wonder in their eyes;
The Baron’s pallid cheek yet paler grew,
His red lips changing to a livid hue;
That voice half recognized, though long forgot,
Hath bound him, trembling, nerveless, to the spot;
The cup, for that false pledge filled brimming o’er,
Untasted falls to the, now silent, floor.

So guilt, surrounded by a thousand swords,
Bares its foul breast to e'en a woman's words ;
Vain the resolve that seeks to lull to rest
The pangs that rend the sin-polluted breast ;
Avenging conscience reigns supreme, to tell—
Man's evil mind creates his darkest hell.
With hurried glance the Baron looks around,
He strives to laugh—a shallow empty sound ;
“Ho ! call my vassals—take yon babbler hence,
Be calm my friends, this is some vile pretence ;
Some maniac wanderer, in her wild career,—
My slaves shall answer her admittance here ;—
Let music sound, Ho, Minstrels ! wake the strain ;—
Be ours the jocund, joyous hours again !”

The trembling vassals seize th' intrusive twain,
To lead them from the banquet halls again ;
But Sylva vainly struggles to be free,
The trembling Albert clinging to her knee :
“Ah bind me not—in pity—mercy—stay
One moment, 'ere ye drag me thus away ;
Nay, Baron, be your loudest music stirred ;
A mother's voice is nature's—'twill be heard.
Unhand me—hence—thy lord shall hear me first,
Ere my pent heart, o'ercharged with passion, burst.”

He who has felt that bitterness of soul
That prompts to all past reason's safe controul,—

May know how Sylva felt—may haply glean
Some faint, dim shadowing, of that thrilling scene.

“Hear me, proud Baron, and each wondering guest,
If you can feel for innocence oppress’d !
I charge ye speak not—you have breathed a name,
Till linked with thine, untarnished e’er by shame.
Yes—I am Sylva—wanton—what you will,
But, Heaven is witness, a true mother still !
Not for myself I left the stranger’s shore,
Scorn—cold neglect—e’en pity too, I bore ;
Not for myself—I know that I must die ;
Life without honour were not worth a sigh !
Not for myself I left that tranquil spot—
(Than thus remembered, would it were forgot,)
Not for myself, but for my boy, I come,
To crave your shelter, and demand a home.
On me—an outcast—death already lowers ;
But, for the memory of those vaunted powers,
When love—for I lov’d—gladdened by-gone hours,
Take to thine arms this boy. The world may blame—
He hath no birthright save the road to fame.
Bid him bear any name—but breathe not mine ;
Though mine the fault—be retribution thine.”

Few words could Stolberg utter in his rage ;—
A captive lion foaming in his cage,

The prey within his sight, the bars between—
So stood the Baron in that banquet scene ;
“What! am I bearded in my father’s halls,—
My vassals dumb as the surrounding walls?
Thus by a woman rudely, harshly schooled,
Where I alone—and I, supremely—ruled?
Break up the banquet—bear them to the tower!”
The stricken doves fall to the vulture’s power.

IV.

Long tarried Stolberg when his guests were gone ;
With hurried step he paced his halls alone ;
The waves of passion heaved within his breast,
As sudden storms o’erwhelm the seaman’s rest.
At length, resolved, he sought the captive’s tower.
The gloaming grey proclaimed day’s breaking hour ;
So deep his lengthened reverie had been,
Nor night, nor morn, nor paling stars he ’d seen.

Uprose the captive from her couch of stone,
Where Albert slept, as on a bed of down ;
For youth and innocence will find repose
Amid the dangers of a world of foes.
Each gazed upon the other’s pallid cheek—
As one disdained, the other feared, to speak ;
“Sylva,” for Stolberg first the silence broke,
His deep voice faltering as he sternly spoke,—

"Sylva, I ask not pardon for the past—
If you have loved too fondly to the last,
'Twas worse than madness—for I left you free :
What we have been we never more may be.
The might of ancestry—wealth—power, are mine—
A Baron's birthright—pause, and think on thine.
Our rank—our creeds and fortunes were apart—
Thou scarce could'st hope my hand as well as heart.
Had I been peasant-born—that I had been !—
I would have owned thee for my bosom's queen ;
The wild infatuation I have known
Had sobered into love for thee alone.
But, 'twas a spell, a dream, from which I broke,
That beauty 'gendered, and that pride awoke.
Now, Sylva, hear me. Ere the morning ray
Has chas'd the twilight from these towers away,
A willing vassal waits but my command
To bear thee swiftly to a distant land.
Wealth I'll bestow, thou still may'st happy live ;
But home, to thee or thine, I may not give !"

"Home—do I ask it?—could thy grandeur save
My sinking frame from its untimely grave?
Home—could I find it in these gloomy towers,
Nor sigh again for fair Italia's bowers?
Lost—lost for ever—kindred—country dear!
Left I not these, for thee, without a tear?—

All that was dear to womanhood resign,
Abjure my home, and seek alone for thine?
Yes, call it passion—madness—what thou wilt—
With me, at least, it had no shade of guilt.
You wooed me not with vassals in your train,
Spoke of no ancestors, no rich domain,
Asked not my creed, while love's impassioned voice
Breathed chords that made my truant heart rejoice;
So rashly, fatally, love played its part
On a too yielding, trusting, woman's heart.
I deemed thee true—was blessed, was happy, then,
Unconscious of the traitor wiles of men;
What I have proved thee—ask thy guilty heart,
If to thyself thou canst thy guilt impart,
Nor from thine own dark retrospections start.
But, for my boy, I ask not at thy hands
Share of thy coffers, portion of thy lands;
Though, save the vow before God's holy shrine,
As Heaven bear witness, he is truly thine!
Thy blood, if noble, circles in his veins,
Thy guilt, not mine, alone his birthright stains;—
Then grant him home, till his too feeble arms
Are nerved, to combat with the world's alarms.
Thou'lt not forego a mother's latest breath—
For me, an outcast, what is there but death?
I vowed to leave him in thy castle gate;—
A few more days and all had been too late!

Tell me thou'lt not this guiltless child disown,
But to thyself—and I'll depart alone ;
Nor vain reproaches shall assail thee more,
When this last, fatal, interview is o'er."

The mother, gazing on her sleeping child,
Wept o'er the features that unconscious smiled ;
The deep emotion of the Baron proved,
The stubborn nature of his heart was moved ;
" Yes, for that boy, will I my rage forego :
But thou, his mother, he no more may know ;
Brief be your parting—haste, or I relent
The sudden folly of this weak intent."
" Farewell, my boy."—The sleeping Albert woke,
Thick fell the mother's tear-drops as he spoke.
" Oh mother—leave me not—kind mother dear—
Who is that man ?—Those frowns—these walls, I fear !"
Closer the mother clasps him to her breast ;
Her burning kisses on his forehead press'd ;
She marked the Baron's too impatient tread,
And to his knees the weeping Albert led.
" My boy, farewell ! Though we for ever part
Here thou'lt find one to act a father's part."
" Away !" he cried—" not e'en to him reveal
A thought, a breath, of that I would conceal.
Back to thine own fair Italy—alone—
To any land where Stolberg is unknown.

I would not darken thy too gloomy fate ;—
These gems thy sorrows may alleviate.”
He gave the gems, and pointed to the door.
She flung the gift indignant on the floor.
“I sold not virtue—seek not gold, to save,
Or snatch, a few brief hours from sorrow’s grave.
Take back thy gems—yet, in my last adieu,
I curse thee not—my gentle boy, for you !—
A mother’s blessing rest upon thy head !”
Speechless she gazed a minute—then she fled.
“Mother, come back !” the shrieking Albert cried,
But Stolberg held him firmly by his side.

The door through which the frenzied Sylva went
Led from the chamber to the battlement,
Which all must traverse when they enter there,
Ere foot may stand on the descending stair.
It was a fearful thing that wall to trace,
The gushing waters foaming at its base,
Yet Sylva paused, as she would look upon
A world whose joys to her were lost and gone.
Stolberg, with Albert trembling in his hand,
Passes the door—they on the rampart stand—
A falling figure totters on the brink,
It sinks—aghast the twain affrighted shrink,
A shriek—a plash—’twas all too late to save ;—
The child of sorrow sank into the wave.

III.—THE STUDENT.

I.

'Twas told, on the succeeding day,
The weird-woman had stol'n away,
Nor left a sign by which to trace
How she had left her dwelling place.
Her tale, a subterfuge, to gain
Her child a home on the domain.
So Stolberg gave the rumour out
To those who little cared to doubt;
The blind dependants of a lord
School'd to obey—test not his word;
But live, debased among their kind,
Enslaved, in body and in mind!
Among the guests, some doubted still,
Who were not slaves to Stolberg's will;
But e'en to these, when time past by,
It was a buried memory;
A dim—dull—half forgotten dream,
Whose shadowings did but faintly beam.
'Tis true, a month was scarcely o'er,
When strangers found upon the shore
A lifeless shape—none knew the face,
None came that pulseless form to trace.

They laid it in a peaceful grave,
And deem'd some wreck upon the wave,
Some distant storm upon the deep,
Gave back the dead it could not keep.
So Sylva shared the common lot,
By all she'd loved, save one, forgot ;
That one—her lonely guileless child,
Who since that hour had never smiled.
For hours he'd watch the weltering wave—
He knew it was his mother's grave ;
And oft would fix his full blue eye
Upon the spot despondingly,
Till fancy, in his busy brain,
Gave him his mother's form again !

II.

There was not one, among them all
That dwelt within that castle wall,
Who loved not Albert, when, a child,
He listened to their legends wild.
With greedy ear he bent his head
To those strange stories of the dead ;
Of sprites that walk the midnight earth,
But yet are not of mortal birth ;—
Of headless hunters, riding on,
Both man and horse a skeleton ;—

Of doom'd ones, who can never die,
Through long dread years of misery,—
Of magic bullets, and haunted glen,
Of evil spirits, and charmed men ;
Of Vampires, who may quit the grave,
To suck the blood of the young and brave ;—
Of Fiends with powers, beyond controul,
To tempt a man to pawn his soul ;—
Of Imps which, by magicians' skill,
Are made t' obey a mortal's will ;—
Of Fairies and their silent dells,
Ghosts, witches, wraiths, and mystic spells.
All that could lead from Earth's dull sphere
Were to his senses ever dear.
No wonder then his early years
Engendered superstitious fears ;
Without restraint, he roved at will,
But yet his heart was lonely still.
Among the vassals of the place,
He seldom saw the Baron's face ;
Twice only since the fatal hour
When dragged from that lone dungeon tower,
Had Albert met him—then his breast,
Before with sullen gloom oppressed,
In wild tumultuous throbblings beat,
Yet feared he not his foe to meet.

His bright eye told—his bosom's ire
Inherited his mother's fire,
Yet when those interviews were o'er
The same strange lethargy he wore.

III.

One friend had Albert 'mong the train
Who lived and served on the domain,
An ancient follower of his race,
Whose silvery locks and wrinkled face
Proclaimed that, with a wintry brow,
The sap of life had left the bough.
For three-score years his office there
Had been to read the household prayer ;
And yet, apart from all he dwelt
Who with him in that chapel knelt ;
And some have felt, and said, in sooth,
They doubted of his faith and truth ;
As though the prayers—they so believed—
Would scarce be from his lips received,
So fervourless—so sternly cold,
By him those awful prayers were told.
His lonely lamp was seen at night
To shed its solitary light,
And oft-times, from his noiseless room,
Had issued forth a strange perfume

Of burning herbs—supposed to be
Used in some secret alchymy,
Or mystic rite, to those unknown
Who preach the word of faith alone.

But yet, as 'twas the Baron's will,
That old man was their chaplain still ;
'Twas said, that to his breast alone
The secrets of his lord were known,
For Stolberg, at an early age
Had gained instruction from the sage,
Whose master-mind, e'en then, did glow
With knowledge few thus early know ;
The records of a by-gone race,
With curious care he'd learn to trace,
Till deeds, which time had hid from man,
He, with familiar eye, could scan ;
So great his knowledge was, it seemed
The light of ages round him beam'd

It might be, Stolberg felt, at last,
Some pangs of conscience for the past—
That kindness to the son might smother
In part his falsehood to the mother ;—
For Stolberg bade that trusty friend
The youthful Albert's steps attend,
And skilfully his mind prepare,
As if he were indeed his heir.

This Albert never knew nor felt,
He scarce remember'd why he dwelt
Among those lofty walls and towers;—
So time o'ershades our earlier hours;
He only knew that, in the tide,
That wash'd their base, his mother died.
'Twas pleasant for that rare old man,
His pupil's rapid course to scan;
Into the realms of science, ne'er
Hop'd he so apt a mind to bear.
So quickly pass'd the hours away,
He scarcely mark'd each passing day,
Drinking deep draughts from learning's fount,
His spirit soaring where few minds may mount.

* * * * *

IV.

Now pass we to a later stage
Of Albert's earthly pilgrimage.
The boy has pass'd his nonage now,—
Mark ye that pale and thoughtful brow;—
How many furrows you may trace;
And yet it is a youthful face!
Not two-and-twenty times the earth
Has hailed the summer since his birth.
And this is learning's choicest garb?
Its shaft a bright but poison'd barb!

None were more deeply skilled than he,
Through all the states of Germany !
Far—among legions—spread his fame,
E'en Science 'self revered his name,
Though absent. In the midst of men
The mighty magic of his pen
Made him the guest of youth and sage,
The ruling spirit of the age !

V.

And where was Stolberg—did he share
The general plaudits of his heir ?
Did he, in secret, bless the name
Thus blazoned on the scroll of fame ?
No ! the proud chief had pass'd away,
With none to mourn his lifeless clay ;
Upon the gory battle-field
His pride could not protect his shield ;
For war's destructive, ruthless, hand
Had spread its influence o'er the land ;
The Danish Raven had been there,
Leaving all desolate and bare !
The vassals in the Baron's train
Dispers'd, or number'd with the slain !
His trophies—other victors shew,
His treasures—pillaged by the foe ;

The wrecks of his paternal halls—
But ruin'd tow'rs and shattered walls :
So sad a change a few brief years
Maketh in human hopes and fears !

Chamiso, Albert's earliest friend,
He too had dwindled to the end
Of life's allotted term of years.
Oh ! thickly fell young Albert's tears !
The only being he lov'd was 'gone—
Again he felt and stood—alone !

VI.

How many sought and strove in vain
The youthful student's heart to gain ;
But none were known his form to see
Beyond his college boundary.
He did not seek the meed of fame
That, halo-like, enshrined his name ;
Unconscious of his power—alone,
The world of dreams was all his own.
'Tis true he plied the ready pen
In learned treatises for men ;
But the deep musings of his brain
He dared not to impart again.
'Twas strange, a mind so skill'd should be
Warp'd to believe in sorcery !—

Yet Albert, almost since his birth,
Believed that spirits walked the earth ;
His mother's creed he might not share,—
She died ere he could breathe a prayer ;
And oft the priest would say, he knew,
Her creed had been a false one too.
Chamiso, he with mischief rife,
Had been a doubter all his life ;
And Albert soon a sceptic grew,
Believing all he should not do.
Faith, was a term he would deride,
Save that upon the darkest side ;—
He thought, to man a power was given
Which was the attribute of Heaven.
Thus, silently, from day to day,
He dreamed a useless life away.

VII.

Oh, Faith—thou spring of life ! the well
Within whose living waters dwell
The sources that alone can bless,
And lead to realms of happiness !
Ne'er let me dash the cup aside
All hallow'd by the chrystal tide !
Ne'er let me seek to analyze
The mystery that in thee lies !

Enough for me, thy waters flow,—
A fount of good to all below ;—
Enough for me, to see the spring
Its sweetest flowers around us fling ;
Enough—at summer's glorious noon,
To bless the Giver of the boon,
That filleth Nature's bounteous horn
With ripening fields of yellow corn !
Enough—when Autumn bends the trees.
With fruits whose fragrance fills the breeze—
Or when bleak Winter's breath has bound
In icy chains the streams around,—
To feel that, while I pace the sod,
These spring but from one living God ;
Nor seek that lesson to forego
Which telleth—"Thus much ye may know!"

IV.—THE DREAMER.

I.

And now, my Muse must seek again
The hero of this lengthened strain ;
Albert—who, gazing on the skies,
She left, with rapt and straining eyes.

He turn'd, and left the window-sill,
To work again some magic spell.
With eager eye he watch'd the flame,
But no obedient spirit came.
“Yes,” said the scholar—“it must be,
I'm doom'd to solve this mystery ;
If spirits have to mortals hied,
Why is the gift to me denied ?
I know the potent powers that still,
In dreams, obey the dreamer's will :
Then, if not waking, in my sleep
Will I with these my vigils keep.
I would know more of Nature's laws,
The powers, the workings, and the cause,
Oh ! that these were to me revealed,
That are from mortal still concealed !
Yes ! with this spell will I essay,
I call ye, spirits, to obey.”

Once more the visionary came
And kindled the expiring flame ;
Strange herbs he burned, and stranger still
The words pronounced to work his will.
The thick fumes circled round the room,
Obscuring it in darkest gloom ;
Till senseless in his chair he slept,
As if of reason's power bereft.

II.

In after years, the student told—
When calling back the scenes of old—
The progress of that dream, to those
To whom he might his thoughts disclose.
The student's cap is thrown aside ;
Children are clinging to his side ;
And friends are seated round the board
A hospitable host has stored ;
His brow is placid and serene,—
How marvellous a change hath been :
And now is every listeners breath
Hush'd to the stillness of death,
He speaks—an oracle of truth—
And this his dream of faith and ruth :—

THE STUDENT'S DREAM.

"A thousand powers keep religious state
In water, fiery realm, and æry bourne;
And, silent as a consecrated urn,
Hold sphery sessions."

JOHN KEATS.

"A dream—it was a pleasant dream
That steeped my senses while I slept;
From early eve to morning's beam,
Its influence o'er my vision crept,
Sealing mine eyes, to ope my soul
To visions of another world,
While life, and thought, and self-controul
Seemed all to dark oblivion hurled.

"I rose methought, a thing of light,
An incorporeal æry sprite,
A shadow, and yet conscious where
My light form rested on the air;
A thing unseen, yet seeing all—
Unfelt, yet feeling ev'ry thrall
That binds within the human breast,
The joys elate—the hopes depressed.

"I gazed ; the thick clouds roll'd away,
A scene of light,
More lovely than the loveliest day,
With sun bedight,
Burst on my view ; and golden cars
Of curious structure, gem'd with stars,
Rode on the wind, and seated there
The spirits of the Destinies were ;
The Earth, the Air, the boundless Flood,
The Fire-King in his car of blood ;
The gentler spirits, who preside
O'er southern breeze, and fountain side ;
The Muses, and the powers of love,
And Hope, that always points above.
These came, and went, and disappeared,
Or onward on their mission steer'd ;
Yet paused awhile, ere they should go
To rule again the world below.
'Twas silent all—a form arose,
A fair young form, of fairy birth,
Much marvelled I, she should disclose—
So young—the Spirit of the Earth ;
With voice more soft than bee or bird
The murmurings of her song I heard :—

THE SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF EARTH.

I.

“ ‘I am young, though the ages
They number me now,
Have planted the wrinkles
On many a brow ;
And, though thousands of springs
On their children may shine,
Oh ! who shall discover
A wrinkle on mine ?

II.

“ ‘I am young, as the flowerets
That bloom on my breast,
As the daisies that spangle
My emerald vest ;
And who, though the seasons
Roll rapidly by,
Can say that my beauties
Shall wither and die ?

III.

“ ‘The youngest of earth
Join their sires in the grave ;

“ ‘And I see o’er the oldest
The willow trees wave ;
Yet their lives are to me
But a part of a day ;
For others are left me,
As joyous as they.

IV.

“ ‘The shock of the Earthquake,
The storm of the sea,
May rage for a season,
As threatening me,
They prove but an impulse
That ruffles my breast,
And that gives to existence
A passion—a zest.

V.

“ ‘I am young—not to eyes
With which mortal may view ;
So think not, vain man,
I’m but spring-time to you,
For still I as young
Shall to others remain,
Till the world shall dissolve
Into chaos again.’

“She ceased—I listened, but in vain,
To catch the low, wild song again ;
I turn’d towards the vision there :—
The form had melted into air.
I seem’d to muse—ah ! could they tell
How vainly lesser mortals dwell !
Would anger, fear, and passion—pride—
All holier feelings cast aside—
Would life be wasted, like the breath
That asks the fame it finds in death ?

“And then I felt the spell would break,
And I again to earth should wake ;
Half waking, yet half sleeping till
My unquiet mind grew calm and still ;
And then again my senses were
Amid those visions bright and fair.

“And now—a spirit seemed to glide
Before that strange, wild, elfin crew,
With fragile wings her form beside,
Transparent—yet of pearly hue.
No gossamer was e’er so light ;
No lark e’er soared with wing so bright ;
She came unseen, unseen she went,
To mingle with her element.

The Spirit of the Air was she,
And thus she sung her mystery :—

THE SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF AIR.

I.

“ ‘All space I inhabit,
I'm everywhere,
Where the dark forest grows
Where the desert is bare ;
And, though Earth boast her powers,
Whate'er they may be,
There are worlds that are greater,
Encompassed by me !

II.

“ ‘The breezes that blow
Are a part of my train.
And the winds I send forth,
Through my boundless domain ;
The peak of the mountain,
The depths of the vale,
I lull to repose,
Or I wake with the gale !

III.

“ ‘I’m the voice of the storm,
I’m the breath of the flowers,
On the bleak, barren shores,
’Mid the vine-cover’d bowers ;—
There is nought in creation
To know or to see,
But its very existence
Is portion of me.

IV.

“ ‘I’m the queen of the elements,
Reigning supreme,
And the stars of my chambers
By mortals are seen.
I am felt, but not seen,
On my magical throne ;
And my power Omnipotent
None can disown.’

“She ceased—oh ! that I more had known,
Ere that bright, sylphid form had flown !
Or that I had but wing’d my flight
With her among those regions bright !
I tried—Oh ! how in vain, to speak,
My tongue was tied, my nerves were weak ;

And, as she moved her fragile wand,
And seem'd to wave her thin white hand,
I tried to clasp that hand so fair,
I grasped—but clutched the empty air,
And saw nor hand, nor vision there.

“The spirit vanished, and the shade
That gloom'd the scene, her absence made ;
And then anon, those regions through,
A deeper tint—a darker hue,
O'er-spread those fairy realms of light,
And hid the vision from my sight.
But suddenly a lurid flame,
That like a distant planet came,
Burst on my view, then nearer still—
The skies with fire it seemed to fill.
And yet, I had the power to gaze
Unscathed upon its scorching rays ;
To mark the bright, the burning car,
That bore the Fire-King from afar.
The wheels were meteors, burning bright,
The reins were sparkling streaks of light ;
They guided scorpions, breathing fire,
That onward fly, but never tire.
He sped them on with lightning' flashes,
His car rolled on with thunder crashes,

While, from behind his fiery track,
The Fire-King's song was echoed back ;

THE SONG OF THE FIRE-KING.

I.

“ ‘Over the dwellings of mortals I roam,
And I spread desolation round many a home ;
I rise in a spark, or I burst in a flame,
And all wonder—whence the old Fire-King came.
But most do I count the Incendiary's brand,
That I've planted in many a desperate hand ;
And, though mortals endeavour my power to kill,
Yet man is the slave of my passion and will.

II.

“ ‘Proud cities have shrunk in my powerful hold,
Till they only exist as a tale that is told.
The work of an age—I have wreck'd in a night ;—
And loud laughed the fiend at the glorious sight ;
Loud hissed the waters, but brighter burnt I,
As my ruddy complexion illumed the sky.
Oh ! a carnival rare is the one that I trace,
When a proud city falls in my mighty embrace.

III.

“‘I dwell in the battle—and mortal again
Is the veriest subject that serves in my train ;
With foe meeting foe in the heat of the fight,
Oh ! then how I glitter and glow with delight !
Both armies are burning and blazing for me,
Dying the field with the blood of the free :
But vain is the glory they hope to divide,
For again, by my power, all—all must be tried.

IV.

“‘On I shall roll till the world has an end,
When all to my withering power must bend :
For to man ’tis revealed—let him pause on the doom—
That the flames must consume both the tower and the
tomb.

Let him count the brief hours, or the lingering year,
’Tis vain to conjecture when I shall appear.
For nor season nor time unto mortal is known,
When the Fire-King shall claim a lost world for his own.’

“Again the vision changed ; the scene
Was an expansive coral cave,
Where pearls and scattered shells were seen,
The sport of many an ocean wave.

The seas above me seem'd to roll,
Methought I heard the surges o'er—
As music falls upon the soul
When heard at eve from distant shore—
So soft, so tranquil, and so clear,
The distant waters met mine ear.

“The countless treasures of the deep
Before me lay, I turn'd to weep ;
I turn'd to weep, though cups of gold—
Whose antique shapes strange stories told—
With many an ancient gem were there,
That glitter'd once on bosoms fair ;
I turn'd to weep, for they told to me
Of ships that had long gone down at sea,
Of forms for whom trusting hearts had yearned ;—
Of forms that departed and never returned !
I gazed upon many a diamond bright,
And on one that gleam'd with a strange wild light,
It shone in a thing else dim and dull,
For it blazed in a bleached and ghastly skull.
The sea-weeds hung from the cavern sides,
And flourish'd and grew in the flowing tides ;
Where wrecks of the earth, and shapes of the sea,
Were mingled together wonderfully.
The wrecks of five thousand years or more,
From ev'ry clime and from every shore ;

Oh ! a strange wild scene, was that coral cave
'Twas the Sea-King's hall, 'neath the giant wave.

"I heard the breakers above me roar,
And the sound of the waters rushing o'er ;
Nearer they came with a gushing sound,
Till they shiver'd the coral rocks around ;
And I suddenly saw a mystic form,
Ride on the billows and rule the storm ;
'Twas the hoary old Sea-King, borne in his car,
Return'd to his hall from the waters afar,
Swift, as the wind o'er the billowy main,
He came with the sea-sprites that swam in his train,
There were Naiads and water Nymphs, lovely and fair,
And Mermaids combing their shining hair ;
The Dolphin, the Whale, with his ponderous sweep,
And the tribes that inhabit the boundless deep ;
Over the rocks with the waters they came,
That glistened and gleamed like a lambent flame,
Hiding the coral rocks from my view,
And illuming the scene with sepulchral hue,
While around and above, in the midnight air,
The shapes of my earlier dreamings were :
They had followed the track unfelt, unseen,—
They had flown with *my* spirit from scene to scene,
And they hovered above, while the old Sea-King
With his boisterous mirth did shout and sing :

THE SEA-KING'S SONG.

I.

“‘I am free! I am free! I am King of the Sea!
And where is the Monarch who's greater than me?
Count the coffered gems of the Kings of the Earth
Compared with my treasures—ah, what is their worth?
The wrecks that are scattered about in the deep
Are the levies I make, and the tribute I keep,
In the storms they are gathered—what monarch like me?
Oh 'tis useless to war with the King of the Sea!’

CHORUS OF WATER SPRITES.

“‘We are free! we are free!
In the depths of the sea
We are free!’

II.

“‘I am King of the Sea! I am King of the Sea!
The rivers that flow pour their waters for me;
Oh! great are the rivers—by them I can trace
The kingdoms I hold in my mighty embrace;
They're forgotten—the forms that in tempest I've slain,
Proud ships they send forth to my billows again,
What monarch on Earth can boast subjects like me,
So faithful as those of the King of the Sea?’

CHORUS.

“ ‘We are free ! we are free !
With the King of the Sea
We are free !’

III.

“ ‘I am King of the Sea ! I am King of the Sea !
In my boundless dominions what grandeur must be,
When I ’m tranquilly sleeping—my billows at rest,
With the wealth of a world gliding over my breast ;
Or when wildly awaking, I revel and leap
In the pride and the might of the king of the deep,
In calm, or in storm, are there regions can be
So great as the realms of the King of the Sea ?’

CHORUS.

“ ‘We are free ! we are free !
In our homes of the sea
We are free !’

IV.

“ ‘I am free ! I am free ! I am King of the Sea.
And where is the monarch so fearful as me ?
I sink in the whirlpool, unfathomed by man,
And I rise in the clouds, whence no mortal may scan ;

I bask 'neath the fire of rich India's sky,
And I freeze where my ice-bergs float fearfully high ;
Loud thunder 's the music that 's booming for me,
How glorious the reign of the King of the Sea !'

CHORUS.

“ ‘ We are free, we are free !
In the realms of the sea
We are free !’

“ The vision changed—it passed away,
Like a flash of light to the realms of day ;
Or like a thought, that, ere 'tis spoken,
Is scattered to the winds and broken.
Earth, Air, Fire, Flood, no more were seen,
As though the vision had never been ;
But spirits unseen in the ether were,
And I still heard the sounds of their wild songs there.

“ It seem'd to me those songs were given,
Those seraph strains half earth—half heaven ;
And I felt above man's earthly sphere,
And no more akin to the dull clay here.
And thus the voices, in accents sweet,
With tuneful strains did my senses greet :

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

A mortal has enter'd the regions of air,
He has sought to encounter the Destinies there,
 Deep—down on the earth
Lies the frame of the dreamer, like death on a bier,
Breathless and still, for its spirit is here
 Where the passions have birth.
He has heard the elements' loud thunder,
And the powers that rule the wide waves under ;
He has view'd the earth in her bridal dress ;
He has felt his own land's nothingness ;
He has seen how man is the sport of fate,
And the certain doom that his steps await ;
By fire and flood—on earth—in air—
Death—Death is present ev'rywhere ;—
Wherever man is, Death is there.
The chorus ceased, in echoes soft it died,
And thus a clear voice to its strains replied :

SINGLE VOICE.

Let the Mysteries arise,
Let them pass before his eyes ;
He has seen the greater powers,
And the lesser spells are ours :
Let him know how, without ending,
Man is with his fate contending.

Hither hie—your task is done—
Even ere the golden sun
His flood of radiance hath released
From the chambers of the East.
Mortal—ere the night hath flown
Thou our power supreme shalt own ;
See Ambition rises first,
By Pride and Vain Desire nursed ;
Then come Hope and Fear and Pain ;—
Revenge, Remorse, Guilt, Shame, and Joy,
With Grief and Pleasure, fill the train,
And Love, that bright-wing'd archer boy !
All these various powers and fancies
Man's unquiet still enhances.
Mortal know that, without ending,
Man is with the Fates contending ;
Now the Mysteries arise,
Now they pass before his eyes.

The shapes appeared—and, as they went,
Their presence filled the firmament ;
And still, by strange emotions stirred,
Their many mysteries I heard ;
'Twas thus Ambition sung his lay,
'Mong those who held immortal sway.

THE SONG OF AMBITION.

I.

“ ‘ Who owns not my sway, or who passe my shrine,
What passion or power but’s subservient to mine ?
E’en kings bow before me—the mighty of Earth
Their regal array to Ambition owe birth.

What hearts do I sever,
What friendships part ever !

II.

“ ‘ Oh, seekers of science—ye hidiers of truth—
Mid the lore of the sages, the learning of youth,
Did ye pant not for glory, nor bow to my shrine,
How little of ruth happy dreamers were thine !

What joys have ye tasted !
What forms have I wasted !

III.

Childless and fatherless—houseless—alone ;—
For each and for all do I often atone,
No height is too lofty—no chasm too deep
For the sons of Ambition to scale or to leap.

What minds have I counted !
What eagle-hearts mounted !’

“ Then, the many voiced strain
In mellow chorus sung again :

‘Hear, oh dweller of the Earth,
Thus we rule thee from thy birth.
Vainly with our powers contending,
To our shapes your minds we’re bending.
Now hear Pride—whose glittering pinion
Speaks his powerful dominion.’

THE SONG OF PRIDE.

I.

“ ‘I hold my court in the halls of kings,
And I reign in the hearts of the meanest things;
I build my fanes till they reach the skies,
And I raise high tombs when a rich man dies;
Where I set my seal can man withhold
Aught that is purchased by blood or by gold?
In my headlong career,
How supreme I appear;
Men bow to my nod,
As they kneel to a God.

II.

“ ‘Pride in a palace is counted no sin,
Where minds are diseased, and hearts hollow within;
But pride, in the blood-frozen homes of the poor—
Oh! those are the scenes that I love to endure!

Oh, rare are the tortures—the struggles to hide
The poverty hid 'neath the mantle of pride!

What mortals adore me,
What minds fall before me,
Hear me, thou dreamer,
Dull thinker! vain schemer!'

"Next came a seraph voice that stole
Like Heavenly music on my soul;
And a sweet shape—though wan and wasted,
As though she much of grief had tasted.
The vision filled—her pensive eyes
Looked ever upwards to the skies.
She sat upon a cloud of silvery white,
Girt by a rainbow, beautifully bright,
Of ev'ry beauteous shade and lovely hue,
Alternately that ark of promise grew;
I could have gazed my very life away,
While listening to Hope's pensive roundelay.

THE SONG OF HOPE.

I.

"I dwell amid the beautiful,
My home is with the young,
Where, round the timid steps of youth,
Bright fairy flowers I've flung;

I whisper in the earliest dreams,
Of the innocent and gay,
But I tell of flowers that never bloom
And of joys that melt away :
And many a ruined cell, 'mid herbage green
Tells sadly now where Love and Hope have been.

II.

“ ‘I fill with joy the halcyon hours
Of life, when life is spring,
Till youth's gay prime, like hope's fair flowers
Lies senseless—withering.
A phantom 'mid the haunts of men,
A bright but distant star,
A light that lures, but never lead
To its promised bliss afar ;—
Still shining on, I shed a pleasant ray,
To tempt young pilgrims through life's thorny way.’

“ More than stretched memory can retain
Crowded upon my busy brain.
Pleasure and Grief, and Pain and Fear—
Each told of its peculiar sphere,
More than my dream gives record here.

“ But, 'mong the rest, my memory clings
To one of the most ill-shaped things,

Which hover'd round me. 'Twas a shape
E'en fiends themselves might wish to 'scape ;
More hideous form I never knew,
Nor mind conceived, nor pencil drew.
All venom'd reptiles round him hung,
A living adder seem'd his tongue,
His thin and yellow fingers holding
Two serpents, thus his arms enfolding ;
And, 'mid his grey and clotted hair,
Black toads and spotted lizards were :—
'Revenge am I !' the hideous spectre cries,
'Hear ye the subtlest of the Destinies.'

THE SONG OF REVENGE.

I.

“Softly I creep to the hearts of men
Like a silent and guilty thing,
And I strive, and I thrive, when the world's dull ken
Is hid 'neath the midnight's wing ;
I come from the gloomy realms of Dis,
Where disappointment reigns,
To rob the world and the realms of bliss,
Of the mortals who wear my chains.

II.

“I lurk in the light of a jaundiced eye,
In the frown at the banquet board, -

Where the dagger has leaped at the false one's sigh,
And the poison'd wine been poured.
But weapons may rest, for I love the best
The tones of a venom'd tongue ;
Slander that silently searches each breast,
Till it poisons both old and young.'

" 'These are powers no mortals on earth can resist,
Hear us, thou dreamer—list—oh list.'

"The dream continued—onward came
Guilt and Remorse, Joy, Love and Shame :
Each told of its peculiar powers
O'er man in life's uncertain hours.
Then all in chorus loudly sung ;
The very Heavens with echoes rung ;
And suddenly the thought came o'er me
That the spirits, hovering before me.
Disputed for my soul. In vain
I tried to speak. The hideous train
O'erpowered the purer spirits there,
And strove to bear me through the air.
With hideous noise the throng contended,
As if deep thunder's voice and the loud wind's were
blended.

“ But ah the vision changed—a form,
Whose presence quelled the rising storm,
Rose, like a flash of orient day,
And chased those evil forms away.
A seraph shape so fair and bright,
Filling a throne of golden light,—
My vision scarce could brook the sight !

“ ‘Hear me, thou dreamer,’ thus the spirit spake,
‘ Ere to the world, to reason, you awake,—
Thou hast but listen’d to an elfin train,
Of shapes created by thine own thin brain ;
Beings thine active mind canst call at will,
E’en as thou seest me now, though dreaming still.
Superior to the world of spirits thou,
Since thou who call’dst them then, canst quell them now.
I come to thee from Time long passed away,
When thy world—Earth—first knew the light of day,—
To wake thee from a life of useless dreams,
Of vain conjectures, and of idle schemes.
Spirit of Chaos am I, and can view,
All things created in their natural hue,
And not with mortals’ wonder-working eyes,
Which, blind to Earth, would peer into the skies,
And, stumbling where less sentient things have trod,
Presume to search into the realms of God.

Man's realm is Earth—but on it man must pause,
Nor seek the hidden springs of Nature's laws,
Yet when he views her various shapes and plans,
Then God's creative power is proved by man's.
God made the Earth, and man with daily toil,
Raised flowers and fruits from the high cultur'd soil;
God gave the Earth to man, and gave man powers
To raise up empires—cities—lordly towers;
From shapeless clay, or mass of shapeless stone,
Man made a world within his Maker's own;
A world where wisdom's paths are ever trod,
And man's power proved the attribute of God.

“ ‘What though the spirit that to thee hath sung,
Said man decayed while still the Earth was young,
When thy frail form is sealed in cold decay,
Some other being shall pursue thy way :
For man in ev'ry clime, in ev'ry stage,
Lives but the ground-work of a future age,
And bards unborn may sing some lofty strain,
Taught by the themes that even now remain.
The Earth is young compared with time's huge space,
But man's scarce younger than his dwelling place :
Do not proud empires gradually decay,
While many a race of man will pass away ?
Man dies—the produce of his busy brain
A legacy to man must still remain ;

But other objects, when they pass away,
Pass to a world that knows no coming day :
Man rules on Earth—Earth owns his master hand,
And yields her spirit to his stern command.
Then pass we to the element of air,
Whose spirit seemed more lovely and more fair,—
Its power propelling properties were vain
Did man not guide his ships across the main :
And Fire itself, though matter's chiefest ban,
By man's made useful to the wants of man.
The Fire-King's threat of God's avenging day,
Man may avert if he believe and pray ;
Even the angry boastings of the flood
Subside for man, and yield him daily food ;
Creation's chief, superior to the rest, —
True to himself, man cannot but be blessed.

“ ‘ Yet whence these various passions—whence arise
Those fiends that scare—these shapes that charm the
eyes ?

Whence sprung Ambition—but in man's proud breast ?
And happier they who ne'er his power possessed.
Why lives Desire—but that, with discontent,
Man covets more than God for mortal meant ?
Pride's but a name—if all the truth would strike
That man, in different stations, is alike ;

And Hope, vain promiser, a vacant sound,
If, with the present, man contentment found ;
Shame—Fear and Grief were scattered to the wind,
Did they essay to sere a virtuous mind ;
Revenge and Shame ne'er need the mind appal,—
They but at man's desire exist at all :
And pleasure dwells but in the hearts of those
Whose well poised minds ne'er change their friends to
foes.

Thus round his hearth man has alone the power
To make his life one lingering roseate hour ;
And—must attendant sprites his pleasure prove—
Obedient to his call, come Joy and Love.

“ ‘Then dreamer, for awhile, forsake thy books,
Read nature's page—survey her purling brooks,
Her fields—fair flowers—and, striking deeper then,
Study the habits, wants, and hearts of men.
External nature ever will supply
Food for the contemplative mind and eye ;
But deeper knowledge ne'er to man is given,
Till, worthy Earth, he finds a worthier Heaven.
But night is waning—morn begins to break
Awake ! Oh dreamer—to the world awake !’

“ Sudden I woke to light and life again,
That night's strange vision lingering in my brain ;

Which, first confused, then more distinctly grew,
'Till waking memory gave it back to view.
From that day forth, forsaking studious moods,
The nights of toil, the days' long solitudes,
I wander'd in the paths of other men,
And truly felt I ne'er was learned till then.
Dispensing knowledge which I'd learned from art,
I gained instruction books could not impart ;
Made art subservient unto Nature's laws,
And, among men, gained honours and applause.
I craved not wealth, yet competence I found,
While health, contentment, still my labours crown'd ;
I taught the truths which mild Religion gave,
Strove—not in vain, God grant, to help and save !
Observing those less skilled in art than me
Might still be happy, in their own degree,
I thanked my GOD who gave me higher powers,
To mark the weeds that grow 'mid wisdom's flowers ;
And, reasoning thus on Nature's perfect plan,
I live an old—but not a lonely man."

A N A D D R E S S ,
DELIVERED, ON THE ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL OF
THE ROYAL SHAKSPERE CLUB,

At the Town-Hall, Stratford-on-Avon, April 23rd, 1841.

Hail! to the lovely spot of earth,
That gave immortal Shakspeare birth!
Hail! to the quiet, peaceful town,
Made sacred by its bard's renown.
Hail! favoured Stratford!—thou to-day
Shalt claim my tributary lay.
What though some worthier bard may deem
Thee fitter subject for his theme—
My humble Muse would fain aspire
To catch awhile the poet's fire;
Secure that, while she wings her flight
To realms of fancy and delight,
A band of brothers lend the willing ear,
Nor deign to censure where the songs' sincere;
A host of friends, whose bosoms throb the same,
To bless and celebrate great Shakspeare's fame.

Hail! then, to Avon's time-enchanted stream,
Upon whose banks perchance the poet's dream
Teem'd with wild shapes of love, with beauty fraught,
Sublime creations of the realms of thought.
Here oft perchance his youthful spirit strayed,
To sing but of some simple cottage maid,
Till genius, wondering, heard the votive strain,
And stamped indelibly the Poet's brain;
Then 'twas, our Shakspeare, in his earlier hours,
First drew from nature's streams, and fields, and flowers,
When upon Avon's banks he erst reclined,
And the huge workings of his master-mind,
First woke that Lyre, whose magic, mighty tone,
Hath made the sweetest melodies his own;
Hath raised a great, an ever-varying theme,
And hallowed gentle Avon's town and stream.

Star of the Drama, that refulgent shines,
Unequalled are thy histrionic lines;
Yet thou too, Shakspeare, must endure the rage
Of morbid fashions that corrupt the stage,
E'en as the sun when clouds obscure the ray,
That else would glisten from the orb of day.
Thy vacant throne's usurped by maudlin plays,
Thy *laurels* slighted for a *pair of bays*;
E'en Richard's self, when played, the palm must yield
To supernum'raries, for Bosworth field;

Studied "*effects*" in "*Hamlet*" we must see,
A thing "undreamed in his philosophy ;"
Yet I'd not censure this sight-loving age,
If Shakspeare were not driven from our stage,
Nor grudge the tinsel'd scene we now behold,
(With Shakspeare, but re-gilding purest gold,)
If the supporters of our stage would try
To mend the morals while they charm the eye,
That vulgar crowds might not so eager be
T' applaud "*Jack Sheppard*" and the "*Tyburn tree*."

Degraded Drama ! yet not all too late
Thy faithful friends thy power would reinstate,
Nor need I proofs when such her friends afford,
In the warm hearts around this festive board ;
Hearts that must throb with every warm delight,
In union with the spirit of the night ;
He whom blind *Milton* did not pause to name
The "*Son of Memory*"—"the great heir of *Fame*."
Yet there are names upon the drama's rolls
Hunt, Talfourd, and our modern Shakspeare—*Knowles*.
Whose Muses still in virtue's cause prevail
To "*point the moral, and adorn the tale*."
Then if our Isles can boast these gifted men,
If virtue prompt, and genius guide the pen,
The star of hope is shining through the gloom,
That may the light of Britain's stage relume.

Oh ! may their works, beyond this passing age,
Still keep their proud position on the stage,
When time, the test of fame, has fled by,—
And yielded them “a name that cannot die.”
But while my muse, in laudatory strain,
Extols the play-wrights of Victoria’s reign,
The olden Poets may not be forgot,
By those who circle round this hallow’d spot.
What lover of sweet *Shakspeare* could afford
To lose the many beauties of *John Ford* ?
Or pass, unheedful, o’er each brilliant line
That makes thy plays, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, shine.
Not the long lapse of ages shall deter
The well-earned bays of *Philip Massinger*,
Wreathing his temples, while they gild his name
With those emblazoned on the scroll of fame.
But next and nearest to our *Shakspeare’s* heart,
Who of *his* laurels almost claimed a part,
On fame’s high throne dost thou securely sit,
Oh rare *Ben Jonson* ! with thy stores of wit.

But most oh *Shakspeare*—most we venerate
The wonderous shapes thou didst delineate !
The fair *Miranda* all devoid of guile,
That peerless spirit of the lonely Isle ;
The witty *Portia*, and *Nerissa* too,
And the fair daughter of the vengeful *Jew* ;

The gentle *Rosalind*, without compeer,
Grown to our hearts by recollections dear ;
The fair shrew, *Katherine*, in each angry mood,
Whom more we love for being thus subdued ;
The wrong'd, but weak, yet trusting, *Lady Anne*,
That hapless victim of designing man ;
Ophelia, whose sad story doth impart
How frail a flower is trusting woman's heart ;
And the fair consort of the jealous *Moor*,
Whose wrongs we can but weep for and deplore.
Nor shall the youthful *Juliet* be forgot,
While feeling hearts can wail her hapless lot ;
And, one rare gem of worth and wit combined,
In which the triumphs of a virtuous mind
The magic pen of *Shakspeare* did engage,
Lives in the portraiture of "*Sweet Ann Page*."

Here would I pause, lest you should haply deem
My humble Muse unequal to my theme,
Yet I would fain some passing tribute pay,
To laud the hero of each high-wrought play.
Hamlet, *Othello*, *Lear*, the scornful *Jew*,—
So wild, so wonderful, yet to nature true :
Coriolanus, *Cæsar*—long shall stand,
Touched by the magic of our *Shakspeare's* wand,
In monumental pride to grace the stage,
And shew past manners to a future age !

And oh ! where else, where can we look upon
So rare a miracle as fat *Sir John* ?
Shakspeare alone could draw the unctuous knight,
That, as the past, will future times delight.
Truly of *Shakspeare* may the poet tell—
“None but himself might be his parallel.”
None on his haunted regions may encroach,
Or hope *his* wond’rous genius to approach.
More would I say, but time, with sweeping wing,
The stealthy hours will o’er us silent fling ;
And to far abler men must I resign
The task of lauding *Shakspeare’s* mighty line ;
Enough for me, if kindly you regard
My humble offering to the brilliant Bard,
Enough to feel, if weakly ’tis express’d ;—
Your better judgments, can supply the rest.

Yet some “last words,” before I close the page,
Brief mention of the actors of our stage ;
What ! are there none to fill the mimic scene,
To catch the mantle of the generous *Kean* ?
Are all the actors of the *Kemble* school,
Lost to the Theatre they once could rule ?
The boards where *Foote* and *David Garrick* played,
Must still unmeaning Melodram’ degrade ?
Must one proud structure of our stage remain
The shilling concert-room in Drury Lane ?

No! if *Macready* will his powers engage,
To grace and elevate the British stage—
No! while admiring thousands still can see
The perfect portraitures of *Ellen Tree*,
SHAKSPERE, again enthroned, may crown the stage;
The noblest, greatest bard of EVERY AGE!"

LYRICS.

III.

“ Oh ! the gems of earth dwell on beauty’s cheek,
When the half uttered vow the blushes speak,
In the halo that beams round woman’s smile,
In her lip that the coldest heart can guile ;
In the rarest bird—in the sweetest flower,
That sings or blooms in my lady’s bower.”
No ! smiles may be false, nor beauty please,
So look not to these for the gems of earth,
No ! not to these !

IV.

I’ll tell thee where are the gems of earth,
Where have those precious treasures birth !
Not where the glittering jewels may shine,
Not in bright gold nor in sparkling wine,
Not in the light upon beauty’s brow,
Idols are these to which pride may bow ;—
Yet know ere thou seekest thy mates in mirth,
FAITHFUL HEARTS are the gems of earth.
Earth’s gems are these !

SONG OF THE BLIND.

(Air—J. P. KNIGHT.)

I.

Oh! stranger do not pity me,
Nor pass me with a sigh,
Because the great and blessed light
Is hidden from mine eye ;
What though I cannot *see* the orb—
I feel the warm sun shine,
My mind has conjur'd up a world
As beautiful as thine.

II.

I mark no change—I know not what
The world has call'd decay,
My fertile spots are ever-green
That never fade away ;
I never doubt—I never fear,
I praise but never blame ;
My creed it is a blessed one,
And always is the same.

III.

I never knew a vain regret,
I never wish'd to see,
I would not that ideal lose
So beautiful to me ;

They tell of fair and beauteous scenes
Of splendour and of state,
But tell they not of others too,
Too fearful to relate ?

IV.

What though I cannot gaze upon
The beauty of the rose,
Nor ponder o'er the flow'rs that such
Variety disclose ;
I do not see them one by one
Droop—wither—fade and die,
Their perfume is as dear to me
When they forgotten lie !

V.

I cannot see the antique form
Of viol, harp, or lute,
I know no beauty of the shape,
When their strange tones are mute ;
But, when I strike the loud wild chords,
Or they are struck for me,
I feel as only they can feel
Who feel but do not see !

VI.

They say the plumage of the bird
Is lovely to behold,
As, 'mid the living morning air,
Its wings it doth unfold ;
I do not see, but I can hear,
The soft sweet strains above,
That seem to breathe the melody
Of wisdom and of love.

VII.

Then, stranger, do not pity me,
Nor pass me with a sigh,
Because the great and blessed light
Is hidden from mine eye ;
He cannot walk in darkness who
Throughout his life has trod
The paths of virtue, and who feels
The presence of his God !

— — —

THE EAGLE AND THE ROBIN.

I.

Oh! the Eagle his pinion spreads high in the air,
But man is his foe, and he follows him there;
He's a mark for a bullet whenever he's seen
Ascending above in his glorious sheen;
'Tis false to proclaim him the bird of the free,
Then sing not in praise of the Eagle to me;
He soars the oppressor, or falls the oppressed,
But the bird I love most is the Robin Red-breast.

II.

The Robin he'll pick up the crumbs from your door,
And he's always protected by rich and by poor,
When "fine-weather" birds from the gardens have flown
The Robin, more grateful, he lingers alone;
He chirrup his song and he's always at hand,
The homeliest bird of the feathery band,
He's social in winter, in summer he's free,
Oh the Robin's the bird of all others for me!

III.

Oh the Eagle and Robin a lesson they give
By which we both wiser and better may live,

For, humble albeit our stations may be,
There's joy in the cottage the King cannot see ;
The Eagle's the King who is always in fear,
The Robin's the cottager ever sincere,
The one braves the tempest, the other knows rest,
Oh ! the bird for a Briton 's the Robin Red-breast.

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO PATRICK BYRNE THE BLIND IRISH
HARPER.

Strike! old Harper, strike the lays
Of those the old romantic days,
Wake that wild and pleasing theme,
That realizes poet's dream,
That tells of years, now long gone by,
Of beauty love and chivalry ;
When music, minstrelsy, and song
Were honour'd by the courtly throng ;*
When gallant knights and ladies fair,
The minstrel's glowing verse would share ;
When harps to such soft strains were strung
As Scott's "last minstrel" play'd and sung :
But they are gone who waked those strains
The minstrel's harp alone remains,
And that is handed down to thee—
Of former days a legacy,
That thou may'st teach in later days
To sons of song those ancient lays—
May'st let them hear the glowing verse
The master-spirits did rehearse—

* Since these lines were written, Mr. Byrne has had the honour of performing, by command, before her Majesty and Prince Albert at Windsor Castle.

Those strains that will for ages last,
Alike the future's as the past.
Then strike, old Harper, strike the lays
Of those the old chivalric days—
They bring thee joy. Though 'reft of sight
Thy soul ne'er knows the gloom of night ;
Thy mind, capacious, ever sees
Strange forms and wildest fantasies,
Such as with gloomy sons of earth
Have never, e'en ideal, birth ;
But thou, blind minstrel—canst not see,
Like us, the dull reality.
Thy mind but knows life's happiest years,
Nor pictures sighs, dreads, griefs and tears.
Then strike, and may those echoes bring
Still to thy mind perpetual spring,
And may'st thou know, 'mid minstrel lay,
An imperceptible decay,
Unconscious when the passing breath
Divides thy soul from life and death—
Till thy last sand its end has run
As tranquilly as it begun !

STANZAS.

TO THE MEMORY OF L. E. L.

The following stanzas were written on the 1st of January, 1839, on hearing the melancholy news of the death of Mrs. Mac Lean at Cape Coast Castle.

I.

How little did I deem my Muse
Would herald in the new born year,
With strain less joyous than of yore,
When flowers and spring were drawing near ;
But now a deep and solemn sound,
A whispering from beyond the wave,
Has told the sad and mournful tale
That calls me to—a sister's grave.

II.

A mighty lute hath lost its powers,
The hand that woke its echoes—still ;
For, parted from her native bowers,
The poet's bosom ceased to thrill :
Yes, death with stern, unerring hand
Has broken fancy's magic spell,
And left a nation to deplore
The loved, the gentle L. E. L.

III.

Hers was the kind and winsome muse
That spoke "the sweetness at the heart,"*
And though albeit her songs were sad,
They made us view life's better part ;
They taught that poetry could dwell
Within the humblest, meanest thing,
And 'mid the winter's stern decay,
They call'd us back to hope and spring.

IV.

She died as dies a beauteous flow'r
Transplanted from its native spot,
That in an uncongenial hour
Buds—blooms—expires—and is forgot :
But here, within her native isle,
Enshrined within each English heart,
The minstrel and the minstrel's lays
From memory's cell will ne'er depart.

* Quoted from a poem written by Miss Landon in the author's album.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

(Air—KNIGHT.)

I.

The beautiful, the beautiful, it is the first to fly,
As transient as the rainbow hues which glorify the sky ;
The very flow'rs feel not so soon the summons of decay,
As the beautiful, whose smiles can chase all earthly clouds
away !

II.

The beautiful, the beautiful, yet where is beauty found ?
Not 'mid the festive halls of light, with music's thrilling
sound,
But on the hills which smiling beam with glories of the day,
And on the brow of infancy—the pure—the bright—the
gay.

III.

The beautiful, the beautiful, what is the happy hour
When beauty sways the feelings with the magic of its
power ?
Go watch the ruddy streaks of morn first flashing in
the sky,
Or linger when the pensive eve spreads out each varied
dye.

IV.

The beautiful, the beautiful, who loveth beauty, say ?
The old man with his silv'ry locks, or the merry child
at play ?
It brings to one sad mem'ries of the long departed years,
It gives the other hopes, undim'd by sorrow's bitter
tears !

V.

The beautiful, the beautiful, oh ! would I were a boy,
To spread its halo of delight around some useless toy—
To spurn the cold reality that seems to dwell around,
And tread once more the beauteous paths of childhood's
fairy ground.

VI.

Oh ! soon the beautiful departs, it is the first to fly,
As transient as the rainbow hues which glorify the sky ;
For even as we gaze upon some flow'ret fresh and gay,
And breathe a prayer for one so fair, its beauty dies away.

THE LAY OF AN ONLY CHILD.

I.

I would I had a sister,
For I feel myself alone—
A silent lute without a hand
To wake its soothing tone ;
A bird without its tender mate,
A bough wrenched from a tree ;
Yes these and all things desolate
Are types alas of me ;
I cannot laugh as others laugh,
With none to share my mirth ;
I pine alone, for in my mind
No pleasant thoughts have birth,
I've often turned away to weep,
Where others sat and smiled ;
For oh it is a cheerless thing
To be an only child !

II.

I have a gentle mother,
She is very kind to me ;
A father, whose delight is still
My youthful form to see ;
But yet they treat me *as* their child,
When o'er my form they bend ;

But one I feel to want, at once
The sister and the friend;
Such as I often meet in those
Who seem so light and glad,
Whose very mirth and cheerfulness,
It is that makes me sad.
I love my parents, who so oft
My sorrows have beguiled;
But still it seems a cheerless thing
To be an only child!

III.

I wish I had a sister
Who could kneel with me in pray'r,
Whose little griefs I could assuage,
With whom my joys to share;
Who still would linger by my side,
When slighter friends had flown,
Whose sighs and tears, whose hopes and fears,
Were shared with me alone:
I should be more the child, and less
The thoughtful girl than now;
For happy would the days pass by,
And bright would be my brow.
I then should seem as others seem,
As happy and as wild;
But *now* I own a lonely heart,
And am an only child.

POMPEII.

I.

A buried city ! what a name
For human—living—souls to hear ;
Oh ! wreck of hope—oh ! blight of fame,
Oh ! grave of passion,—all that 's dear,
Oh ! silent monitor, we see
The past—the future, both in thee.

II.

In vain the poet tun'd his lays,
The conqueror triumphed—all were vain ;
The sword is broken, dead the praise,
Scatter'd the miser's hoarded gain ;
From all alike the power hath fled
That sway'd this city of the dead.

III.

What hopes, what thoughts, lie buried here !
What plans, made for futurity,
In these sad silent cells appear
To mar and mock our destiny :
How darkly is life overcast,
We view the future in the past.

IV.

A buried city ! then in vain

We live, and love, and hope, and fear,
For all by their Creator slain

In calm equality lie here ;
Yet let us, through His goodness try
To love, to live, nor fear to die.

STANZAS TO ———.

(Air—ITALIAN.)

I.

A spell is hanging o'er me,
A fate seems on me now,
Joys fleet away before me,
Some curse hangs on my brow ;
The path is dark and dreary
That my steps must wander o'er,
Like a pilgrim faint and weary
To a bleak, unfriendly shore.

II.

Yet thy form is ever near me
In that lone and dreary way,
Like a star of hope to cheer me
With its soft and gladdening ray ;
And when my spirit ponders
On each passing scene of pain,
That light around me wanders
And calms my soul again.

THE CHILD AND THE DEW-DROPS.

I.

"Oh father, dear father, why pass they away,
The dew-drops that sparkled at dawning of day—
That glittered like stars by the light of the moon,
Oh why are those dew-drops dissolving so soon?
Does the sun, in his wrath, chase their brightness away,
As though nothing that's lovely might live for a day?
The moon-light has faded—the flow'rs still remain,
But the dew has dried out of their petals again."

II.

"My child," said the father, "look up to the skies,
Behold yon bright rainbow—those beautiful dyes;
There—there are the dew-drops in glory re-set,
'Mid the jewels of heaven they are glittering yet.
Then are we not taught by each beautiful ray
To mourn not for beauty though fleeting away,
For, though youth of its brightness and beauty be riven,
All that withers on earth blooms more brightly in
Heaven."

III.

Alas! for the father—how little knew he
The words he had spoken prophetic could be;
That the beautiful child—the bright star of his day,
Was e'en then like the dew-drops—dissolving away.
Oh! sad was the father, when lo! in the skies
The rainbow again spread its beauteous dyes;
And *then* he remember'd the maxims he'd given,
And thought of his child and the dew-drops—in Heaven.

LINES WRITTEN DURING A STORM.

I.

Hark—the winds, how loud they whistle,
Round about the house they blow ;
Forest-bough and green-sward thistle,
By their pow'rs are bending low ;
Seated by our gloomy fire
We feel not the storm's rude hand,
But how many may expire
Who such comforts ne'er command.

II.

Hark again—the winds are rushing,—
Pray for those who 're on the Sea,
Think—amid the billows gushing—
Think of what their fates may be.
In your own substantial dwelling
You can guard against the storm :
Pray for those the wind 's propelling—
You whose hearts are young and warm.

III.

Many a wanderer onward bending—
Not a house nor shelter by,
No friendly hand his form defending—
Now may unprotected lie ;
Thoughts like this are fearful warning
Of the last tempestuous hour ;
Only madmen can be scorning
Now, God's universal power!—

THE CHILD OF THE DIVORCÉE.

I.

They tell me I've no mother now ;
As though I ceased to feel,
The burning blush—the blighted vow—
Their whispers half reveal ;
They chide me if I breathe her name
But can *they* ever be,
What—though the angry world may blame—
My mother was to me ?

II.

I watch my father's anxious brow,
I meet his warm caress ;
The thoughts that rend his bosom now
Too plainly I can guess :
He parts the tresses of my hair,
And, though I may have smiled,
He reads but deepest anguish there
Because I am her child.

III.

They strive 'mid fashion's glittering train
To banish all my care,
But mem'ry calls her back again,
The first among them there:
Then chide not if I breathe her name ;
For none can ever be,
What—though the angry world may blame—
My mother was to me !

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

I.

She has gone to her grave when our hopes were the
strongest,

For the sun of her beauty shed light o'er the scene ;
Oh ! we mourn not the blossoms that linger the longest,
Like those that decay while their branches are green.
How brief is the time since her voice was the clearest,
Her laughter the loudest, amid the gay throng,
But the hand of consumption hath seized on our dearest,
And sealed are her bright eyes, and silent her song !

II.

She has gone to her grave ! Like a vision before us
Her young spirit fled to the realms of the blest,
And though tears may assuage, yet they cannot restore us
The lips that so lately in life-time we press'd ;
Sweet orphan—when death of thy parents bereft thee,
Our friendship we thought might atone for their love ;
Yet why should we mourn that thy spirit hath left thee
To mingle with theirs in the regions above.

STANZAS.

I.

When forms we knew in death are cold,
And voices hush'd which charmed of old—
When hearts we loved have ceased to beat,
And friends of youth no more may meet—
When eyes which shone are sealed in night
We sadly turn from earth's delight!

II.

When hopes which bless'd have pass'd away,
And friends have proved as false as they—
When youth's gay time is but a dream,
A phantom-light—a fading gleam—
When cold neglect the feelings blight,
We sadly turn from earth's delight.

III.

But, e'en amid these scenes of pain,
If *one* fond heart but true remain—
Though gloom may dwell around the shrine
In which that heart beats true to thine—
The flame within burns pure and bright
And links us still to earth's delight!

THE MINSTREL'S LAMENT.

I.

Oh ! would that I had never known
The bright, but fatal gift of song,
My hours had not unheeded flown
Devoted to a wayward throng ;
The throbbing heart, the burning brow,
Had both alike been spared to me ;
I had not felt the anguish now
That Minstrel's lot must ever be.

II.

The Minstrel's lot ! unthankful task,
To culture flowers most fair and bright.
If any of their growth would ask ?
They bloom amid the gloom of night !
Their seeds spring up in after years ;
They only breathe the Minstrel's name,
Who sow'd in joy, but reaped in tears,
Who lived in song, but died in shame.

III.

The dead—the gifted, glorious dead—
Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, Crabbe and Burns !

Scarce noticed until life had fled
By those who now enrich their urns ;
Had they but lived to *know* the fame
Created by their own wild lyres,
Then, more to praise, and less to blame
Had lived in their poetic fires.

IV.

Not e'en the minstrel's soul can give
All to the future or the past ;
It is not human thus to live
With care-clouds only o'er us cast.
The poet's mind, uncheer'd by praise,
Is like a lute with chords unstrung,
And thus we have the pensive lays
That former bards have play'd and sung.

V.

Then, would that I had never known
The bright but fatal gift of song,
Nor had my life's best moments thrown,
Unnumbered, to a thankless throng ;
'Tis vain—my strange and wayward fate
A blessing and a curse hath sent,
That makes me love what I should hate,
And sing again while I lament !

THE WARWICK VASE. *

Record of ages long gone by,
Bright star to lure the classic eye,
Thou shin'st from ages that have been ;
And thee, oh ! ancient Tivoli,
In this rich antique gem we see,
Pure, chaste, and noble, and serene,
The handicraft of man, whose mind,
Albeit he has passed away,
Is left, a legacy, behind,
That will not, e'en with age, decay.
What though no sculptor's hand be known ?
The beauties of an age are shewn,
In the rich vase that here is placed,
A lasting monument of Grecian taste.

* This and the two following poems form part of a series written to accompany the "Illustrations to Warwickshire," published by Mr. Elston of Leamington; and they are inserted here by his permission.

KENILWORTH.**FIRST EPOCH—THE CASTLE.****I.**

The spacious towers embattled rise
Before the enraptured gaze,
The turrets, pointing to the skies
Their crested summits raise ;
The banners floating in the air,
The warder's bugle note,
Bespeak the noble dwellers there,
Their lordly state denote ?

II.

The living fountains gush and play
'Mid foliage rich and green,
And onward, bounding on its way,
The timid fawn is seen ;
The gilded barge moves slowly o'er
The calm and peaceful lake,
While minstrel bands from shore to shore
Their sweetest echoes wake.

III.

Bright shines the sun in Heaven's high dome,
And, from the castle gate,
A glittering band of nobles come,
In lordly pomp and state ;
Oh ! if on earth Elysium be
With realms of perfect bliss,
'Tis beauty, love, and chivalry,
And scenes as bright as this.

SECOND EPOCH—THE VISIT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

I.

It is a scene of revelry,
A flood of golden light ;
The topmost tower, the lowliest bower
Shine forth amid the night.
Mirth, music, gorgeous pageantry ;
Nought, nought is heard or seen,
But tells of Leicester's princely fête
To England's maiden queen.

II.

Glad voices filled the charmed air
Which make the hills resound,

The trumpet's silvery tones precede,
The clarion's martial sound ;
The noblest sons of Britain's isle,
Assemble on the green,
For Leicester's lord of Kenilworth,
And host of England's queen.

III.

On, on they come—Elizabeth.
In regal pomp arrayed,
With many a knight in breast-plate bright,
And many a gem displayed :
The sun—he rose and sunk again
On days—'twas seventeen—
But there still was mirth in Kenilworth
To welcome England's queen.

THIRD EPOCH—THE RUIN.

I.

Is this the mighty banquet hall,
Where erst the festive board was spread,
Where noble minds pledged health and life,
To noble forms now lost and dead ?
The raven's voice is only heard
Where Bacchants' mirth was loud and gay,

The festive strain no more is stirred,—
The forms that woke it—where are they?

II.

The roofless walls are ivy-clad,
Stone after stone, from day to day,
Totters, and to the ruins add,
In imperceptible decay.
Blank ruin frowns where beauty smiled,
No more the ruby wine is pour'd,
The grass and weeds grow rank and wild
Where once was spread the banquet board.

III.

Yet memory loves to linger here,
Albeit 'tis a deserted spot,
'Till glorious past-scenes reappear,
Reflected in the page of Scott,
Like those that oft, in days gone by,
In this proud hall held sovereign sway;
But, for the lights of chivalry,
In vain the question—where are they?

STRATFORD ON AVON.

PART I.

IMPROMPTU AT SHAKSPERE'S BIRTH-PLACE.

I.

From the land where Goëthe's mighty lyre
Its mystic music pours,
From far beyond the waves that wash
Columbia's far off shores ;
From the shining east—the glowing west,
The realms of night and morn,
Come pilgrims to the lowly spot
Where the mighty bard was born.

II.

Who that e'er visits English ground,
Whose mind breathes poesy,
Thrice favoured Stratford hath not found
His bosom yearn to thee ?
For, from thy humble dwellings, forth
A mighty spell was hurled,
That in its potency has bound
An all-enraptur'd world.

III.

This humble roof gives ample proof
Of nature's holiest sway,
That genius like the lark must rise
Careering on its way ;
The princely home—the palace dome,
Are things to laugh to scorn,
While a holy spell round the spot must dwell
Where the mighty bard was born !

PART II.

THE NEW PLACE—THE SITE OF THE HOUSE
WHERE SHAKSPERE DIED.

I.

Here may the anxious stranger gaze
Where Shakspeare passed his latter days,
Where last he lived and felt ;
But oh ! the site alone remains,
Where he awoke th' impassioned strains,
Where last our Shakspeare dwelt !

II.

What impious mind was that to see
Some ruthless hand hew down the tree,

He planted on the spot ;—
What Goth the sacred walls could raze
Where Shakspeare penn'd his classic plays,
That live while he's forgot !

III.

The man—in pity spare his name,
'Tis linked to everlasting shame,
“For Jesus' sake forbear ;”
Think only here our Shakspeare died,
To live again, his nation's pride,
A lasting crown to wear !

PART III.

STRATFORD CHURCH.

I.

Let me here an hour employ,
Here, where Shakspeare, when a boy,
Felt that pure and holy feeling,
First upon his senses stealing ;
That in after-years he wrought
In honied phrases—beauty-fraught.

II.

Here, perchance, he oft has knelt,
And the ALMIGHTY's power has felt,
The only power that e'er could bind
The workings of his master-mind ;
The only power that could controul
The inmost thinkings of the soul !

III.

Tablets rich in marbled pride,
From which the stranger turns aside,
Are here—the eye unconscious turns
From gilded crest and sculptured urns,
To, 'mid the humblest of the stones,
The one that rests o'er Shakspeare's bones.

THE DYING RACER.

I.

Thou 'rt dying, thou 'rt dying, my beautiful steed,
Who hast served me and saved in the hour of my need ;
Who won me a pathway to wealth and renown
When fortune forsook, and when friendship could frown ;
I have loved thee, thou dying one, e'en as a friend,
The *first* on whose truth I might surely depend ;
Thou bravest—most true ;—must I bid thee farewell ?
No ! I'm bound to thy side, and I yield to the spell !

II.

I had hoped to have seen thee pass calmly away
In some green shelter'd paddock by gentle decay ;
To have nursed thee, and petted, and braided thy mane,
As I thought of old times and thy honours again ;
But why should I mourn thee, thou noble one, here ?
Bright, glorious—though brief, was thy gallant career !
And thy fame cannot die while men name thee and say,
The racer that's gone was the best of his day.

III.

How high beat my heart when a thousand bright eyes
Have followed thy track in delight and surprise,
As thou seemest to fly, like the darted jareed,
From the post to the goal with the flash of thy speed;
And now to behold thee in agony there;
In mercy, thy dying convulsions I spare;
By the hand that caressed thee thy destiny meet,
Soh! a shot and a shock, and thou 'rt dead at my feet!

IV.

They have laid by the course the good racer that's dead,
They have placed the green turf that he graced o'er his
head;
In the field of his glory his fate they deplore,
He has fame and a grave—could a mortal have more?
Then farewell my gallant one, costlier shrine
Hath rarely held ashes more honoured than thine,
And seldom hath marble been ever decreed
To tell of a tale true as thine was—my steed!

STANZAS.

I.

Oh, sometimes think I once have met thee
When thy soul was pure and bright,
Nor deem, thou false one, I forget thee
Now thou 'rt absent from my sight ;
Though to love thee *now* were madness,
Yet thy smiles once *once* could be,
The light of life—the ray of gladness
The hope—the all of joy to me !

II.

Then go—deceiver—'mid the splendour
Of the gay and courtly throng,
Thy new, false friends awhile may render
The Lethe-stream of mirth and song ;
But, when thy dreams of bliss are over,
And mirth and song no more remain,
Then what shall give thee, heartless rover,
Thy peace of mind and home again ?

S E A S O N G S.

THE LAUNCH.

(Air—KNIGHT.)

I.

A hundred hands are plied to build a vessel stout and
good,
Her strong and solid ribs they hew from stout old British
wood,
They saw the iron-hearted Oak to frame her giant sides,
That soon shall buffet gallantly the tempest and the tides ;
A hundred stalwart shipwrights they make the air
resound,
There's nerve in every blow they strike, and freedom in
the sound ;
Beneath their sturdy strokes, behold the vessel seems
to grow,
Whose undisputed realm shall be where'er the billows
flow.

II.

And next a thousand happy forms were gather'd on
the scene,
The sun was shining brightly and the sea was fresh and
green,

A light breeze swept across the main, the air was soft
and mild,
As though the very ocean sigh'd to greet her new-born
child :
A thousand voices filled the air ! three British cheers
they gave ;
The vessel with a mighty bound was dash'd into the
wave !
They've launched her on the ocean, where long she'll
strive to keep
Old England's chieftest pride and boast—to rule upon
the deep.

III.

And now her broad and spreading sails are bending to
the breeze,
She stems the billows proudly, like a giant of the seas ;
Her iron guns on either side their mystic forms disclose,
Whose mighty tongues shall thunder forth defiance to
our foes :
What, though a thousand leagues behind she's left her
native land,
While on her decks and in her shrouds a thousand
Britons stand,
For ever while such hearts unite shall British valour keep
Old England's undisputed right to rule upon the deep.

THE WHALE.

(Air—N. J. SPORLE.)

I.

Oh! the whale is free of the boundless sea,
He lives for a thousand years ;
He sinks to rest in the billow's breast,
Nor the roughest tempest fears :
The howling blast as it hurries past,
Is music to lull him to sleep,
And he scatters the spray in his boisterous play,
As he dashes the king of the deep.
Oh! the rare old whale, 'mid storm and gale,
In his ocean home shall be,
A giant in might, where might is right,
And king of the boundless sea !

II.

A wondrous tale could the rare old whale
Of the mighty deep disclose,
Of skeleton forms of by-gone storms,
And of treasures that no one knows ;
He has seen the crew, when the tempest blew,
Drop down from the slippery deck,

Shaking the tide from his glassy side,
And sporting with ocean and wreck.
Then the rare old whale, 'mid storm and gale
In his ocean home shall be,
A giant in might, where might is right,
And king of the boundless sea.

III.

Then the whale shall be still dear to me
When the midnight lamp burns dim,
For the student's book, and his favourite nook,
Are illumed by the aid of him ;
From none of his tribe could we e'er imbibe
So useful, so bless'd a thing ;
Then we'll, on land, go hand in hand
To hail him the ocean king,
Oh ! the rare old whale, 'mid storm and gale,
In his home will ever be,
A giant in might, where might is right,
And king of the boundless sea !

WHEN FIRST I WENT TO SEA.

(Air—E. RANSFORD.)

I.

Oh! well do I remember still when first I went to sea,
I was a merry laughing boy, as happy as could be ;
I long'd to lead a sailor's life amid the true and brave,
And my bosom felt as buoyant and as bounding as the
 wave ;
Since then I've seen strange sights and scenes, but none
 have struck my mind,
Like when I saw a tall ship first her wings spread to the
 wind ;
I've roved for many a night and day, in darkness and in
 glee,
But I never yet did once regret when first I went to sea !

II.

I've seen the waves around me dash when man could
 nought avail ;
I've heard the winds, and seen them rend to tatters every
 sail ;
I've faced my death a hundred times, but Providence
 was good ;
And I for years and years the storms and tempests have
 withstood.

Yet I have seen the angry waves, like giants in their
might,
O'erwhelm the best and bravest hearts, and bear them
from my sight ;
But oh, I do not seek to change the scene, where'er it be,
For I never yet did once regret when first I went to sea !

III.

Oh ! I have kept the midnight watch beneath a starry
sky,
And listen'd to the legends wild that landsmen so decry ;
For in the deep and mystic sea there is a sacred spell
That none but sailors know and fear—that they alone can
tell.
I care not, they may laugh at us who safe in harbour
keep,
But ne'er can he forget his God who dwells upon the
deep ;—
A moment, and his dwelling place the sailor's grave may
be ;
But still I never did regret when first I went to sea.

IV.

I've dared the angry elements, and in the battle strife
I've stood amid the cannons roar, with blood and mis-
chief rife ;

I helped to win the victory when Nelson met his death,
And Britain gained the fight where passed her hero's
latest breath.

And I, a humble boson*, saw a nation's tears deplore
The idol of her people's hearts, afloat, and on the shore.
Oh! surely such a sight as this is fame enough for me;
Then never can I once regret when first I went to sea.

* On shore—*Boatswain.*

THE VICTORIES OF ENGLAND.

(Air—J. F. REDDIE.)

I.

Awake, ye lion-hearts of yore,
Ye dwellers of the sea!
Reclaim the rights your fathers wore,
The wide waves' mastery;
Still Albion's fame a power would blight,
Though oft it strove in vain
To quell her might,
And to doubt her right,
To rule upon the main!
Then up, ye lion hearts of old,
Unfurl your flag again,
For the honour of old England
And her victories on the main!

II.

Awake! the voices of the deep
Call back their own again,
No more should British valour sleep,
Or foes may rule the main;

Leap up, ye gallant hearts of old,
And let your signal be,
The foremost blow
From the strongest foe
To drive them from the sea !
Then prove, ye lion hearts of yore,
Ye have not slept in vain,
For the honour of old England,
The heroes of the main !

III.

Then up, ye gallant hearts, again,
Still, still a sturdy band ;
We've mighty ships upon the main,
And oaks upon the land.
And, while true British hearts unite
To guard our native shore,
Will Britons keep
Over all the deep,
The fame they won of yore !
Then up, ye lion hearts of old,
Unfurl your flag again,
For the victories of old England,
And the heroes of the main !

CHEER FOR THE PILOTS.

(Air—SPORLE.)

I.

The sturdy pilots put to sea,
Over the waves went they,
For a ship's dim form on the rising storm
Came on her trackless way ;
And they saw afar each tapering spar
Of a ship whose swelling sails,
Too fragile were for the tempest there,
And rent by the storm's rude gales.
Then cheer for the pilots, whoever you be,
Who have anxiously watch'd for a friend on
the sea.

II.

The storm raged high, and the rocks were nigh,
And the pilots' bark was driven,
Far, far aback from that vessel's track
Which they to reach had striven ;
And darkness came, save when the flame
Of the vivid lightning threw

A light, that bore to their friends on shore,
The ship—but no pilot crew.
Then cheer for the pilots, whoever you be,
Who have anxiously watch'd for a friend on
the sea.

III.

The storm was o'er, and a calm once more
Was over the sea and sky,
The ships with the tide in the harbour glide,
But no pilots' boat is nigh;
A mariner's form, 'mid the wrecks of the storm,
Was seen on the ebbing wave;
Its pulse was cold, and a tale it told
That the deep was the pilots' grave.
Then cheer for the pilots, whoever you be,
For they brave even death for our friends on
the sea.

WHEN THE WIND IS BLOWING FREE.

(Air—KNIGHT.)

I.

When the wind is blowing free, boys,
What a jovial life is ours,
Who would care on the land to be, boys,
With its forest fruit and flowers?
When our forests of masts are sweeping past,
Such sights can the landsmen see?
As our sailing fleets with their swelling sheets,
When the winds are blowing free?

II.

Our life is a life of freedom,
We're borne by the fresh'ning gale;
And for storms—we never heed 'em
If we've plenty of room to sail;
For we know that the Power above us
Our guide in the storm will be,
For the sake of the girls who love us,
When the winds are blowing free!

III.

And then, when the sails are righted,
And night draws her gloaming screen,
We think of the vows we plighted
On the far-off village green ;
We drink to our wives and sweethearts,
And fancy their forms we see,
As the vessel glides through the swelling tides,
And the wind is blowing free.

PATRIOTIC SONGS.

ENGLAND'S GOLDEN DAYS.

(Air—SPORLE.)

I.

I sing, but 'tis an English song,
For, oh, I love to praise
Each custom that is handed down
From England's by-gone days ;
Let other bards praise foreign climes,
'Tis not the theme for me,
Old England, with her happy homes,
My minstrel theme shall be.
And these I deem for minstrel theme
Fit subjects are to praise,
Then sing we to a merry strain
Of England's golden days.

II.

I love an English spring-time first
When early flowers appear,
The soft blue-bell, and all that tell
The opening of the year ;

- When rosy girls, with chesnut curls,
Peep from each cottage door,
And nature 's in her green array
As lovely as of yore.
And these I deem, etc.

III.

For scenes of beauty, who the palm
To foreign climes would yield,
That views, in glorious summer time,
An English harvest-field?
Her fertile hills, her pleasant rills,
Her rivers clear and free,
Oh, there is not a fairer scene
An Englishman can see!
And these I deem, etc.

IV.

Then autumn comes with deeper hues,
But still its beauties please,
The ripen'd corn—the harvest home,
The fruit o'er-laden trees;
The Squires ride o'er moorland wide
With pointer and with gun,
The peasants dance upon the green,
When daily toil is done.
And these I deem, etc.

V.

But sturdy winter comes at last,
And good old Christmas cheer,
In hut and hall—proclaims to all
The season of the year :
The farmer with his good old ale,
The Squire with good old wine,
In universal holiday
And social mirth combine.
And these I deem, etc.

VI.

Then who, that loves old England, says
Her golden days are o'er ?
Behold her commerce, is she not
As prosperous as of yore ?
We've statesmen wise, and heroes bold,
To fill the passing scene,
And as in England's by-gone days,
A true-born British Queen !
And these I deem, etc.

THE OAK AND THE IVY.

(Air—RANSFORD.)

I.

In the depths of the forest an old oak grew,
The pride of the greenwood there,
O'er his branches the ivy her mantle threw
When the forest boughs were bare ;
She clung like a bride to his sturdy side,
And her shining leaves so green
Made him blithe and gay through the live-long day
In the midst of a winter scene.
Oh ! long may the oak and the ivy stand
The pride and the boast of our native land.

II.

Oh ! the oak of the forest told me true,
And I echo his tale in song,
That the ivy his branches made fair to view,
While the oak made the ivy strong ;
'Twas a union good, in the old deep wood,
Had each, for itself, grown there,

The plant, alone, had no beauty shewn,
And the boughs of the tree 'd been bare.
Then long may the oak and the ivy stand
The pride and the boast of our native land.

III.

Then let's copy the oak and the ivy-green,
And, like Britons, go hand in hand ;
As firm as our oaks may our sons be seen
In the cause of their native land ;
May our daughters fair, like the ivy, share
The arms of the parent tree ;
While we all unite in our strength and might
For our homes and our liberty,
As long as the oak and the ivy stand
The pride and the boast of our native land !

THE MERRY BELLS OF ENGLAND.

(Air—J. M. EDNEY.)

I.

The merry bells of England, how I love to hear them
 sound
The gladsome chime of olden time, that spreadeth joy
 around ;
They ring from moss-clad steeples amid the cottage
 band,
And send their sounds of revelry o'er all our happy
 land ;
They sound from stately edifice, from many an old
 church tower,
The rich and poor alike can feel the influence of their
 power ;
To ev'ry heart their tones impart fond mem'ry's dearest
 spells ;
For a Briton's native music is old England's merry bells !

II.

Oh, the merry bells of England—their chimes ring loud
 and free,
To hail again, by land or main, some well-won victory ;

To England's brave, in Honour's grave, their music seems
to say,

"The memory of your glorious deeds shall never pass
away."

And oft too ring the village bells to hail the wedded pair,
When nuptial vows the twain have bound Love's heart
and home to share ;

There's not a sound can e'er resound in which such
music dwells

As in Briton's native music—old England's merry bells.

II.

Oh ! the merry bells of England, what rapture fills the
scene,

When their joyous peals the day reveals—the birthday
of our queen ;

As mid the shouts their tones ring out—and voices clear
and gay,

Proclaim a nation's homage on Victoria's natal day.

Oh ! may they sound, as time comes round to fill with
joy the air,

On many a happy birthday of old England's choicest fair,
There's nought a people's loyalty more truly, clearly
tells,

Than a Briton's native music—old England's merry
bells.

LONG LIVE THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

(dir—SPORLE.)

I.

Long live the Queen of England,
And through a happy reign,
May she old Albion's rights and laws
Religiously maintain ;
Oh ! may her future story,
Be as her past has been,
To heighten Britain's glory,
Long live, long live the Queen !

II.

Long live the Queen of England,
To rule o'er land and sea ;
To govern with her gentle sway
A people brave and free ;
A people whose devotion,
To her is nobly seen,
Who shout with glad emotion—
Long live, long live the Queen !

III.

Long live the Queen of England,
The sovereign of us all,
There's not a heart but beats for her
In cottage—hut—or hall ;
Her star beams forth in gladness,
Oh ! may it set serene—
O'erclouded ne'er with sadness,
Long live, long the the Queen.

COME FILL TO THE BRAVE.

I.

Come fill to the brave till the cups are o'erflowing,
And full as the hearts that are throbbing to-night,
Let the wine be as bright as the cheeks that are glowing,
And the toast be the veteran—valiant in fight :
There is not a chief in the annals of story
For whom bloom more brightly the laurels of fame,
And oh ! deem not the grave can extinguish the glory
That surrounds, like a halo, our WELLINGTON'S
name !

II.

In lands far away o'er the depths of the ocean,
The banner of Britain he proudly unfurled,
Then cherish his name with a warmth and devotion,
Whose fame has gone forth to the ends of the world ;
And oh then, at last, when our hero's declining,
The sun of his glory in splendour shall set ;
But while vigour and health on his brows are entwining,
We'll drink to our veteran warrior yet.

THE ENGLISH HARVEST HOME.

I.

A stave, a merry English stave,
For English sons to hear.
Who'd seek in lands beyond the wave
For songs our souls to cheer ?
While all around is fair and bright,
No theme where'er I roam,
Can yield me half such pure delight
As an English harvest home.

II.

I'd never grudge the grain that falls,
To rosy gleaners' lot,
Nor check the joy within the walls
Of peasants' lowly cot ;
For merry 'tis in harvest time,
To every dweller there ;
Then reapers deem it not a crime
Some scatter'd ears to spare !

III.

Oh ! who can view the golden grain
In rick or garner now,
And, pausing, in his heart refrain
To cry "God speed the plough."
The land, the people's birthright, where
Our sturdy peasants keep,
An undisputed right to share
The crops they sow and reap.

IV.

Oh, nature hath no fairer form
To charm the human breast,
Than when the skies are bright and warm,
The fields with verdure dress'd ;
But yet we love without alloy
When Autumn's hues appear,
To contemplate with holy joy
The harvest of the year.

THE BARONS OF OLD.

(Air—STEPHEN GLOVER.)

I.

Oh, the barons of old were valiant and bold,
They ruled with a mighty hand,
Each claimed as a right to stand forth in the fight,
As the lord of a chosen band.
The monk in his cowl, in vain might he scowl—
They were led by no bigot crew ;
They fought for their own, for Altar and throne,
And the creed of the brave and true !

II.

When Christmas appear'd, with his snow-driven beard,
They hail'd him a chief divine,
And they pledged the new year, with hearty good cheer,
In flagons of purple wine ;
And with Tourney so gay—through the long summer's
day
They had tilts when the war was o'er :
But these are the days we no longer can praise
Like the good old days of yore.

III.

But, though valiant in fight, they were true as the night,
Or the stars in the realms above ;
For there breathed not a man, nor a chief of his clan,
But would die for his ladye love.
Then, honour and pride, were our forefathers' bride,
Nor a stain on a crest was seen ;
For the prop of our land, spite of anarchy's hand,
The barons of old have been.

THE MEN OF MERRY ENGLAND.**I.**

Oh ! the men of merry England they are valiant stout and
bold,
They've manly hearts to guard the rights their fathers
won of old ;
They've sturdy frames to forge the arms that guard our
native shore,
And stalwart limbs to wield them too, as Britons did of
yore ;
Though other lands are bright and fair, the one dear
spot of earth,
A Briton proudly loves to own is that which gave him
birth ;
Go—'mid the sturdy peasant band—and tell me truly
then
What nation boasts the happy homes of England's merry
men ?

II.

Oh ! the men of merry England are our islands pride
and boast,
They fill with stout and gallant hearts the ships that
guard our coast ;

And while we praise a NELSON as the hero of the seas,
We'll not forget *the men* who helped to gain the victories;
The standard of our ocean-home the breeze still proudly
braves,
For never will a Briton yield the mastery of the waves;
Then shout ye for our sailors bold, and tell me truly
then
What nation boasts such gallant tars as England's merry
men?

III.

Oh! the men of merry England—they are loyal to their
Queen,
And long to guard the British fair their pride and boast
has been;
They never bow nor bend like slaves to those of high
degree,
But with the proudest in the land claim equal liberty.
Yes anarchy's destructive band is driven from our shore,
The people's equal laws and rights they ask and nothing
more;
Then look around the world again, and tell me truly
then
What nation boasts the happy homes of England's
merry men?

SONGS OF THE HAPPY FAMILY.

I. WE HAVE KNOWN NO HOURS OF SORROW.

(Air.—SPÖLLE.)

I.

We have known no hours of sorrow
That have deeply touched the heart,
Though life has had its petty griefs,
And we have borne our part ;
But never since the village bells
Rung out our wedding peal,
Have we felt or known a sorrow
That affection could not heal.
Yes life will have its petty griefs
And tears, unbidden, start,
But we've known no hours of sorrow
That have deeply touched the heart.

II.

We have known no hours of sorrow,
For we never knew regret,
And the future casts no shadows
Of a coming care-cloud yet ;

No ! our lots are linked together,
And what e'er our fate may be,
I can know no hours of sorrow
If I share those hours with thee !
And even should the future
Some passing grief reveal ;
We can never know a sorrow
That affection cannot heal.

II. MY FATHER'S SONG.

(Air.—SPORLE.)

I.

The good old song my father sings, I love it more and
more,
'Tis worth a hundred other songs we ne'er have heard
before ;
It brings to mind the merry days, the days when we
were young,
When oft times with the same delight we listened while
he sung ;
When we could scarce repeat the strain, and yet in
childish glee
We learnt that song, and lisped it forth upon our father's
knee.
I've heard and lauded many songs, but unto none belong
The memories that endear me to my father's good old
song.

II.

It is not for its melodies I love that good old song,
Nor is it for the simple rhymes that unto it belong,
But 'tis because I've heard it sung on many a festive
day,

On some dear anniversary when all around were gay ;
But 'tis that, when from those dear lips I hear that
cherished strain,

I know that to my father still the joys of health remain.
Then ask me not what memories to such simple themes
belong

When all I love endears me to my father's good old
song.

III. THE VOICES OF HOME.

(*Air.—SPORLE.*)

I.

The voices of my early home, the humming of the bees,
The murmuring of the pleasant stream, the sighing of
the trees,

The watch dog's bark at eventide, the song-bird's
morning lay,

Are old familiar sounds to me, and what more dear than
they ?

And ever, when I wander forth, with weary steps I roam,
Till once again they greet mine ear—the cherished
sounds of home.

II.

I've heard the tuneful harp when touched by many a
skilful hand,
But I never felt as when 'twas play'd amid our household
bands.

The voices of the minstrel choir however sweet they be,
They charm not like the plaintive songs my sisters sing
to me ;

Though mirth and song, perchance, may lure the truant
heart to roam,

Oh what recalls the wanderer back ? — the peaceful
sounds of home !

III.

The voice of home it hath a spell that never can depart ,
It is a calm and blessed thing that clingeth to the heart ;
Like stars that o'er the desert shine, to guide the pilgrim
train,

The voice of home seems whispering a welcome back
again.

Oh ! soon the wanderer forgets the weary steps he'll roam,
When memory gives him back again the cherish'd sounds
of home.

IV.—MY GRANDFATHER'S DAYS.

(Air.—SPORLE.)

I.

Oh! well I remember what feelings 'twould raise,
What childish delight, in my grandfather's days,
To spring to the door with a shout and a bound,
To help my dear grandfather over the ground.
Yes well I remember him, long time ago,
With his silvery locks, and his hair white as snow;
But though on that brow we no longer may gaze,
I still turn with delight to my grandfather's days.

II.

My grandfather's days—what a moral have they
That youth, hope and beauty, are passing away;
Yet I think of them now with no feeling of pain,
For blest were those hours, though they come not again.
From childhood to manhood how brief is the scene,
Each day as it fleets adds to joys that have been;
But happy am I, if my children can praise
The joys that *they* felt in their grandfather's days.

V.—THE FIRST WRINKLE.

(Air.—SPORLE.)

I.

Oh deem not that because my voice
May seem less joyous now,
I grieve to find that time hath placed
A wrinkle on my brow ;
I mourn not that my youth is o'er,
That spring-time *must* depart,
It is not age that can destroy
The sunshine of the heart.

II.

There is a time when hope is young,
A time of mirth and glee,
And e'en the mem'ry of those hours
Bring scenes of bliss to me ;
But, now those scenes of joy are o'er,
Ah why should I repine,
While, 'mid the homes of youth, I see
Less joy than dwells in mine.

VI.—IT WAS MY HOME IN CHILDHOOD.

(Air.—SPORLE.)

I.

It was my home in childhood,
And shall be evermore
The spot to which my heart shall cling,
Now childhood's hours are o'er ;
For here I gaily sported
When I was young and free,
When first I heard my mother's song,
And climbed my father's knee.

II.

It was my home ere manhood
Had stamped upon my brow,
Those records of maturer years,
That gather o'er it now ;
But still I would not leave it,
Now hope's bright hours decline,
The home that was my fathers',—
That home shall still be mine.

III.

In manhood as in childhood,
Nor chance nor change could be,
To make me slight the old home,
That home so dear to me.
Each tribute of affection,
Each record of the mind,
That memory loves to cherish
In that dwelling is enshrined!

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

AND

BALLADS.

BEAUTIFUL VENICE.

(Air—KNIGHT.)

I.

Beautiful Venice ! City of song !
What memories of old to thy regions belong,
What sweet recollections cling to my heart,
As thy fast fading shores from my vision depart ;
Oh, poesy's home is thy light colonnades,
Where the winds gently sigh as the sweet twilight fades,
I have know many homes, but the dwelling for me
Is beautiful Venice, the bride of the sea.

II.

Beautiful Venice ! Queen of the earth !
Where dark eyes shine brightly 'mid music and mirth,
Where gay serenaders by light of the star
Oft mingle their songs with the dulcet guitar.
All that's lovely in life—all that's deathless in song,
Fair Italy's isles to thy regions belong ;
I have known many homes, but the dwelling for me,
Is beautiful Venice—the bride of the sea !

DREAM ON YOUNG HEARTS.

(Air—SPORLE.)

I.

Dream on, young hearts ! dream on, dream on,
But dream of all things gay ;
Dream that the morrow may be bright—
As bright as yesterday.
Wake not, wake not from scenes of bliss—
Youth's dreams are ever fair ;
Your world it is a world of bliss—
Wake not to ours of care !

II.

Like sudden meteors o'er our paths,
Bright joys they flash and fly,
As sunshine yields to wintry clouds,
As spring flowers bloom and die :
So hope gives place to vain regret,
So grave succeeds to gay,
So all that's bright a moment dwells,
Then, blighted, dies away.

III.

Dream on! young hearts! dream on, dream on,
While youth is in its spring;
While friends are faithful—ere the rose
Has shewn the hidden sting.
Wake not, wake not, but, in thy dreams,
Drink deep the cup of joy;
Youth looks on life as purest gold—
Age reckons the alloy.

HAPPY DAYS.

(Air.—KNIGHT.)

I.

Oh, mem'ry brings us back again
To many a green and lovely spot,
And echoes many a soothing strain,
Perchance by others long forgot.
Some gentle link enchains the heart,
Some thought reflects the pleasing ray ;
And thus, while meaner things depart,
We live again the happy day !

II.

Oh, is there one who hath not felt
That, e'en amid a life of pain,
There were no scenes where he had dwelt
Which he would wish to know again ?
Though dark adversity hath gloom'd
The flow'rs that seem'd in youth so gay,
He never can forget they bloom'd—
Once, once upon some happy day.

III.

When first I met some valued friend—
When first I breathed love's fervid vow—
When first my spirit learned to blend
With one who loves me dearly now ;
When first I saw my children smile—
Though time speeds on his rapid way,—
These memories shall my heart beguile,
And call back many a happy day.

OCEAN DREAMS.

(Air—KNIGHT.)

I.

I had dreams upon the ocean,
I had dreams upon the sea,
And the billows' gentle motion
Brought a pleasant theme to me ;
For I dreamed of woodland places,
Far beyond the breakers' roar,
And of happy smiling faces,
That I knew in days of yore.

II.

I had dreams upon the ocean,
Of an old familiar shore,
And I felt with sad emotion,
That I ne'er should see it more,
Then the merry tones of childhood
Seemed blended with the air,
And I thought I saw the wildwood,
With gleesome faces there!

III.

I had dreams upon the ocean,
Of a tempest raging there,
And I felt a strange emotion,
As I grappled with despair.
But the morning, breaking o'er us,
Brought a dearer scene to me ;
For the sun was high before us,
And old England on our lea.

YESTERDAY.

I.

Yesterday! yesterday! gone like a dream—
Gone, like a ray on the dark forest stream—
Gone, with its hopes and fears—
Gone, with its smiles and tears—
Gone, till To-day appears
 Yesterday.

III.

Yesterday! Gay were the bosoms of all
Could the sigh of regret all thy pleasures recall,—
With flowers ever bright and fair,
Earth still an Eden were
Left we not darkly there
 Yesterday.

III.

Yesterday! yesterday! adds to the past ;—
Its deeds on the record of ages will last,
Restoring to us again
Many a bitter pain:—
Oh! that we might regain
 Yesterday!

IV.

O'er the tomb of the past as ye mentally bend,
The follies of Yesterday strive to amend.
Day after day comes round,
Care-worn, or pleasure-bound,
Till Life itself is found—
Yesterday.

LET US THINK OF OLD TIMES.

(Air.—JAMES HILL.)

I.

Let us think of old times, when our footsteps were seen,
In the vigour of youth, tripping over the green ;
When the flowers of life's spring, though they bloom'd
for a day,
Were enough for the hours that were fleeting away ;—
When we knew not a sorrow our natures to bend,
And when every companion we fancied a friend ;
When the gay bells of youth rung but holiday chimes.
Fill a cup to the past—let us think of old times !

II.

Let us think of old times, when, around the gay board,
To the friends of our manhood the wine-cups were
poured ;—
When the heart's best affections, with happiness rife,
First warmed into being, and sprung into life ;—
When woman's bright smile first enchanted and bless'd,
And friendship ne'er doubted the hand that it pressed :
But, though friendship and love have sought sunnier
climes,
In a bumper to them—let us think of old times !

III.

Let us think of old times, as we slowly decay,—
As the hair that was flaxen is changing to grey ;
While *our children* around us are happy and free,
Their youth hath its pleasures, our age hath its glee.
Oh ! the tide of existence it ebbs and it flows,
And when calm as it rises it sinks to repose,
Let us hope to inhabit those happier climes—
That our children may sing, “let us think of old times !”

I FEEL THAT THOU ART CHANGED TO ME.

(Air—KNIGHT.)

I.

I feel that thou art changed to me,
And would a happier lot were mine ;
Yet deem'd I not such change could be
In heart that vow'd to love like thine.
I know thou wouldst not have me feel
The anguish of a parting sigh ;
Yet vain thine efforts to conceal
That we are changed—both you and I.

II.

I know my voice hath lost its spell,
I know my song can charm no more ;
Thy few, but saddened, glances tell—
Love's sweet but fatal dream is o'er.
Some other now hath won thine heart
On whom thy hopes will now rely—
'Twere better then that we should part,
And part for ever—you and I.

THE VETERAN'S SON.

(Air—SPORLE.)

I.

Oh ! weep not that I leave the shore,
Dear mother, for the raging sea,
The fame my father won of yore—
Why should it not be shared by me ?
Remember—'tis my country's call ;
Then, 'mong the heroes of the wave,
I'll nobly stand, or bravely fall,
In honour's grave !

II.

The quiet of thy peaceful cot
I loved—but 'twas in childhood's days.
Dear mother, tell me—have I not
The courage you were wont to praise ?
Too long my father's sword hath lain
To tell but of some olden fight ;
But I must gird it on again,
To guard the right !

THY HOME IS NOT THE HOME FOR ME.

I.

Thy home is not the home for me,
Who dwell in these secluded bowers,
I do not sigh away to be,
From verdant fields and blooming flowers ;
The gaudy dwellings of the town,
Can never shew so fair a feature,
Can never half the beauties own
Of those upon the face of nature !

II.

Thy home is not the home for me,
Then lure me not with tones of gladness,
To tempt those transient joys that flee
To realms of discontent and sadness ;
While I can feel the south wind blow,
The flowers and me alike caressing,
I do not seek nor sigh to know
A happier fate—a greater blessing.

THE ARAB AND HIS STEED.

(From the French of Paul de Kock.)

I.

Beneath Arabia's fiery skies,
Far from the ocean's breezy shore,
Bearing away the maid he loves,
Young Alcar skims the desert o'er ;
His courser, answering to his voice,
In rapid flight speeds o'er the sand,
As faithful to the form he bears,
As patriot to his native land !

II.

No water laves that arid plain ;
Soon will the gallant courser tire :—
The fair young Irmair droops her head,—
Soon must the fugitives expire :
Young Alcar leaves his panting steed,
And flies, to sooth her burning pain,
Despairing o'er the desert wild,
Some lonely hidden spring to gain !

III.

And while, upon the scorching sand,
The Arab on through danger flies,
A brilliant, costly caravan,
Passes the spot where Irma lies ;
The maiden—ah ! too quickly won,
In joy with a young Moor departs, —
The courser waits his lord's return,
Nor faithless, like his Irma, starts.

IV.

Alcar to find the blessed spring
In futile efforts onward sped,
But faint and weary he returns,
To find his cherished Irma fled ;
The steed alone his lord awaits,—
To shew his joy the courser tries,
Neighs, when he sees his master's form,
And then beside the Arab—*dies*.

THE OLD ABBEY BELL.

(Air—SPORLE.)

I.

Full many a spell hath the old abbey bell
In the tones of its iron tongue,
And many a day has passed fleeting away,
Since it first in the belfry swung ;
In the ages of old, when it sounded, it told
The hours of the monkish prayer,
And it sounded a knell for the martyrs who fell
In the faith of their fathers there.

II.

Though centuries have past since the metal was cast,
It high in the old tower swings,
It has sounded for clay that unknown pass'd away,
And tolled for the death of kings ;
Of the strangers who've fled from the kings that are dead
There is now but *a name* to tell ;
For time levels all 'neath its funeral pall,
When his voice is—a passing knell.

III.

But the old abbey bell though it sounded to tell
Of forms that have pass'd away,

Its tones have rung out, 'mid the song and the shout,
Of many a festal day ;
But e'en then, for the brave who fill'd Victory's grave,
Oh, sadly its deep tones fell ;
For, though mirth was around, still the fatherless found
That its voice was—a funeral knell.

IV.

How many a child hath its music beguiled,
As it pealed from the old grey towers,
And e'en manhood has dwelt on its echoes and felt
As he felt in his boyhood's hours ;
How brief is the span from the child to the man
Let the sound of its deep tones tell ;
For the bell that beguiled when I sported a child
Sounds sadly—my passing bell.

V.

And many a maid with her lover has strayed
To the depths of the silent bower,
To plight the fond vow 'neath each sheltering bough,
When it sounded the vesper hour ;
And still at its chime, in the sweet summer time,
We are warned by its voice to stray ;
Oh, we love the old bell, for it still has a spell
And speaks of the olden day

DOST THOU REGRET?

I.

Dost thou regret those past and pleasant meetings,—
Dost thou regret those scenes of young delight,—
Dost thou regret those soft and tender greetings,—
When first we met, our mutual vows to plight?
Years have rolled on, yet still we cling together,
Faithful and fondly as when first we met;
Then 'mid the storms, or mid the summer weather,
What e'er betide us, love, dost thou regret?

II.

Dost thou regret thy girlhood's happy hours,
Ere love's silk fetters had thy young heart bound?
Dost thou regret the pathway strew'd with flowers,
O'er which thy fairy feet bright pleasaunce found?
No! by those smiles, a willing captive meets me,
Faithful and fondly as when first we met;
Thus, while a kind and gentle spirit greets me,
Thus am I answer'd, love,—thou'lt ne'er regret,

MY MOTHER'S SONG.

(Air.—KNIGHT.)

I.

There is a tone, a melody, that steals upon mine ear,
Like music heard at even-tide, o'er waters soft and clear ;
There is a voice remember'd still that breathed, in other
 days,
The songs my infant lips first learnt to warble and to
 praise ;
And even now, though years have pass'd, affection firm
 and strong
Still brings to mind the music of my mother's plaintive
 song.

II.

I've trod the festive halls of light when music filled the
 air,
And mingled in the merry throng the gayest gleeman
 there,
And, when the merry laugh proclaimed the minstrel's
 joyous strain,
My heart beat high amid the mirth I echoed back again ;
But e'en amid the loudest glee—amid the gayest throng,
Fond memory woke the music of my mother's plaintive
 song.

III.

My mother's song how soft, how sweet, its tones fell on
mine ear,
When warbled by the lips of her I loved to linger near ;
Bright days—past hours—lost joys—for me ye live and
breathe again,
Recall'd to being by the charm of that familiar strain,—
A talisman of hope and joy, to warn my soul from wrong,
Dwells in the mem'ry of that strain—my mother's
plaintive song.

ANACREONTIC SONG.

I.

Here's a health to old Bacchus, the rosy and jolly,
In bumpers o'er-brimming and bright,
A scarecrow to fools is pale-faced melancholy ;—
We meet to be merry to night.
The cynics may cry, when our glasses they spy,
“How thoughtless, how heedless we be,”
But they never know half we enjoy in a laugh,
When merry and happy are we !

II.

The eyes that surround us are beaming and bright
As the bumpers we pour to the brim ;
Is there one who'd not join in our revels to night ?
We are none the less wise, boys, for him.
The man who would pass from a temperate glass,
But a cold-hearted stoic must be—
He can never tell half we enjoy in a laugh,
When merry and happy are we !

III.

Then fill up a glass to the friends that are here,
And to those who 're away from the scene,
Another to those—to our bosoms most dear,
And one to Victoria—the Queen ;
Then again to old Bacchus, who gladdens each heart,
And makes ev'ry spirit flow free,
For he gives to us half the true zest for a laugh,
When happy and merry are we.

THE OLD MARINER.

(Alto—KNIGHT.)

I.

There was a brave old mariner kept watch upon the deck,
The dangers of the deep he'd braved, and thrice survived
the wreck ;

A patriarch of the ocean seem'd that mariner to be,
For his hair was grey, and like the spray that dashes
o'er the sea.

II.

Yet deem not that he only gazed upon the waters green,
His heart looked back to years long past, and many a
woodland scene,
He heard, amid the winds aloft, and 'mid the raging seas,
The voices of remember'd friends, and the waving of the
trees.

III.

Years pass'd away—a merry crowd were gathered on the
strand ;
The absent ship return'd at last,—her sailors sprang to
land ;

An old man came amid the crew, his eyes were sad and
dim,
There was no friend to greet him there, no kind voice
call'd for him.

IV.

Alas that brave old mariner, he oft had braved the deep,
But he whom fear could never bow now turned aside to
weep ;
He saw no more the forms he knew, his early friends
were gone,
He only lived to breathe their names—the old man stood
alone.

HOPE ON!

I.

Hope on! hope on! hope ever!
Though clouds obscure the ray,
And shades the sunlight sever
From thy young life's opening day;
Who knows but that the morrow
Bright joys may smile upon;
Then yield thou not to sorrow,
Hope on! hope on! hope on!

II.

Oh who, in sunnier hours,
Would heed the by-gone spring,
When the buds have burst to flow'rs,
Their sweets around to fling;
So thou, in thy life's summer,
Forgetting sorrows gone,
May hail each gladsome comer—
Oh! then hope on—hope on!

III.

Hope on—hope on—hope ever,
For life were dull and drear,
Did no renewed endeavour,
No new, fond hope, appear ;
And who may say the morrow
No joy shall smile upon ?
Then yield not thou to sorrow,
But still hope on—hope on !

THE SHADES OF NIGHT.

I.

The shades of night are stealing o'er us,
Mystic shadows round us beam,
Absent faces smile before us,
Like some half forgotten dream ;
'Tis the lonely hour, revealing
Scenes long absent from the sight ;
'Tis the hour when thought and feeling
Seek the lonely shades of night.

II.

Silence shrouds each peopled dwelling,
Not a voice comes o'er the seas,
Not a zephyr, gently swelling,
Waves the branches of the trees ;
All is calm, and still and holy,
Heav'n alone with stars is bright ;
Palace—Hall—and cottage lowly
Fade amid the shades of night !

III.

Sunlight, 'mid the halls of splendour,
Suits the happy—glads the free,
The tranquil shades of ev'ning render
Feelings dearer far to me.
Oft I pray that, at life's ending,
My rapt' soul may wing its flight,
When, from scenes of bliss descending,
Spirits seek the shades of night.

THE YOUNG MAY-QUEEN.

I.

She smiled when the spring's first flowers
Gladden'd her life's young day,
For love made the rosy hours
Pass, like a dream, away ;
With step, like a young fawn bounding,
She tripped o'er the village green,
With mirth was her clear voice sounding,
And they called her—the young May-Queen.

II.

When the summer flowers were flinging
Their sweets to the ambient air,
And the merry birds were singing,
She knew not a thought of care ;
But the Autumn blight bereft her
Of the flowers and the fairy scene,
And her lover, inconstant, left her,
Nor thought of his young May-Queen.

When the wintry winds were rushing,
And the leaves dropped from the bough,
Her tide of despair was gushing,
For she thought of his broken vow ;
Oh ! the flowers, with the spring-time blowing,
Return'd where they oft had been,
But we saw fresh germs a-growing,
On the grave of the young May-Queen.

HE IS NOT THERE.

(From the French of Paul de Kock.)

I.

He is not there—I seek in vain to meet him ;
He is not there, who linger'd by my side ;
Vainly I hope—ah vainly now to greet him,
Joy may no longer in my soul abide ;
He is not there.

II.

He is not there—farewell ye earthly pleasures,
Farewell ye pleasant scenes of young delight ;
Farewell each hope the young and fond heart treasures ;
Farewell sweet days—farewell ye seasons bright ;
He is not there !

III.

He is not there, whom oft I sooth'd in anguish,
When breathed I comfort to his troubled soul ;
He is not there, who erst would sigh and languish,
Nor own a pleasure I might not controul ;
He is not there.

IV.

He is not there—some rival calls him “lover :”

Love! his false heart that feeling never knew!

Thou, who hast won my swain—thou’lt soon discover,

Charm’d by some fresher form—to thee untrue—

He is not there!

WE MUST LOVE.

(From the French of Paul de Kock.)

I.

We must love—tis the soul's desire ;
Who loves not cannot happy be,
The dullest heart must feel its fire,
The coldest eye some charmer see :
From lowly hut to loftiest tower,
The song of nature soars above ;
We own the witchery of its power
And echoing answer—we must love !

II.

We must love in the spring of life
The gentle one that gave us birth ;
When reason dawns, and youth is rife
With all the fairest things of earth,—
And when old Time, with iron tongue,
Youth's fancies will at last reprove,—
Still—finding that the heart is young,
We'll dying answer—we must love !

IF THY DREAM WOULD NOT FORSAKE THEE.*(Air—KNIGHT.)***I.**

If thy dream would not forsake thee,
Thou couldst count but endless bliss ;
But too soon will sorrow wake thee
From that fairy realm to this ;
Young of heart—thou see'st around thee
Kindest friends and forms most fair ;
Would those spells which now have bound thee
Might not vanish into air !

II.

He thou lov'st—confiding maiden,
See'st thou in life's happy spring ;
But the flowers, with sweets o'erladen,
Oft contains the fatal sting ;
Should another form and fairer
Chance to meet his roving eye,
E'en love's links may chafe the wearer ;—
Thine perchance may broken lie.

III.

Friends will die—and forms will vanish,
That seem all devoted now ;
Then the marks of care will banish
Hope from heart, and joy from brow.
Lightly let the hours roll o'er thee,
Youth but little knows of pain ;
Wintry days are all before thee,
Spring will ne'er return again.

THE SONGS OF OUR CHILDHOOD.

(Afr.—SPORLE.)

I.

The songs of our childhood—ah ! never again,
With a throb of delight, may we list' to the strain ;
Oh, where are the voices that charm'd us of yore,
And, the friends of our youth, may we hear them no
more ?

E'en she hath departed who cherish'd and bless'd,
While her sweet songs in infancy lull'd us to rest,
'Mid strangers alone we awaken our mirth,
For the music of home hath forsaken the hearth !

II.

The songs of our childhood—oh ! would from the heart
The joys of its spring-time would never depart ;
That the strains which once made all its pulses to thrill
Would find some vibration there lingering still ;
But the songs of our childhood give feelings of pain,
And the memory of hours we may never regain ;
We must seek 'mid the halls of the stranger for mirth,
Since the music of home hath forsaken the hearth.

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG.

(Air.—SPORLE.)

I.

Let us wander—let us wander
To the scenes of youth again ;
Let our mem'ries kindly ponder
On each half-forgotten strain !
On our pathway strew'd with flow'rs, love,
On the merry songs we sung,
And the joys that then were ours, love,
When you and I were young.
For, though time is onward stealing,
And his mantle's o'er us flung,
He can ne'er erase the feeling
That you and I were young.

II.

Let us conjure up the faces
Of each old companion now,
Though old time has left the traces
Of his hand upon each brow ;—
Now—other friends, as cherish'd,
Beside our hearths have sprung,—
But *their* mem'ry ne'er has perish'd
Since you and I were young.

And, though time is onward stealing,
And his mantle's o'er us flung,
He can ne'er erase the feeling
That you and I were young.

III.

Let us still call back the season
Of mirth and wit gone by,
When pleasure, lit by reason,
Beamed in every youthful eye ;
Since then the ring—a token—
In life's dark sea we flung,
But love's links are still unbroken,
As they were when we were young.
Yes, though time is onward stealing,
And his mantle's o'er us flung,
He can ne'er erase the feeling
That you and I were young !

THE EXILE.

I.

He thought upon his early days,
When joy sat smiling on his brow,
When lips breathed songs he loved to praise,
And friends were near, far distant now ;
His home was in a foreign clime,
But memory gave him back once more,
Like visions o'er the stream of time,
The forms he'd clung to—years before ;
But all was stern and cold around,—
The tones were hush'd he loved to praise,—
A stranger upon foreign ground,
He thought upon his early days !

II.

He thought upon his early days,—
Of that old home he loved so well,
Whose woodland paths and pleasant ways
Had wrought him many a cherished spell ;
Yet long he'd left that household band,
To seek a home beyond the wave ;
He could not tread again the land
That held his Ellen's early grave.

But still, when all was hush'd around,
He loved those tranquil scenes to praise;
A stranger upon foreign ground,
He thought upon his early days.

OLD FATHER NOAH.

I.

Though poets and painters make Bacchus divine,
And paint him surrounded by clusters of vine,
He is but the priest who presides o'er the grape,
That no thirsty soul may its benefit 'scape ;
But honour to him whose invention supplied
The method to come by the life-giving tide ;
Spite of sanctified sinners, the duty be mine
To sing of the mortal who planted the vine !

 Come drink, thirsty toppers, in bumpers of wine,
 The memory of him who first planted the vine.

II.

When the waters subsided that cover'd the earth,
And again on its bosom the flowerets had birth,
Said the patriarch NOAH, in sorrowful mood,
"From henceforth no water shall moisten my food ;
For so many souls in the flood have been drown'd,
That the water's unwholesome to drink, I'll be bound !"
So he made him a nectar—though we call it wine,
And for future occasions he planted the vine.

 Come drink, thirsty toppers, in bumpers of wine,
 To old father NOAH, who planted the vine.

ELLEN.

I.

The bloom of thy beauty hath faded away,—
No more thy pale cheek will the rose tints display;
For a love that was blighted has left not a trace
Of the roses that bloom'd on that beautiful face.
Oh! 'tis ever the flowerets most lovely and gay,
That are thoughtlessly gather'd and left to decay:
Thus Ellen—poor Ellen—thy beauty hath flown,
And thou 'rt, like the blossom, forsaken—alone.

II.

Oh! where is the rude hand that pluck'd from the tree
The fairy-like blossom—the emblem of thee?
He roves 'mid the flowerets still fragrant and gay,
Nor heeds, till too late, that their beauties decay.
Oh! tremble false man at the havoc you've made,
As you pass from life's spring to the cold winter's shade,
When the fair forms you once might have cherish'd have
 flown,
And 'tis *thou* art neglected—forsaken—alone.

COME TO THE MOUNTAIN.

(Air—KNIGHT.)

I.

Come to the mountain, there's freedom and health,
Unknown 'mid the dwellings of splendour and wealth ;
There's joy on the hills when the merry winds blow,
That ne'er can be found in the valleys below ;
There light, life and liberty e'er may be found,
There the spirit of freedom seems hovering round ;
There the chamois are bounding, in innocent glee,
Oh ! there's joy on the mountain—come share it with me ?

II.

Come to the mountain—the first blush of day
Shall lead us afar from the vallies away ;
With bugle and spear o'er the mountain we'll climb,
Where man walks with nature, in grandeur sublime.
Quit ye the bright halls of music and song,
For brief is the rapture to them that belong,
On the hills of our fathers—the hills of the free,
Is the home of the hunter—come share it with me.

THE OAK AND THE ROSE.

(*Air.*—G. F. STANSBURY.)

I.

Oh! the oak and the rose are the emblems for me,
For true British symbols are they;
And where is the flower or the wide-spreading tree,
Can to Britons such beauties display?
Of the arms of our men shall the true British oak
Still the prowess, admitted, disclose,
While there's none that will dare the proud verdict
revoke,
That woman, dear woman's the rose.

II.

While the oak and the rose shall exist in our land,
Truth and virtue will ever unite;
As firm as our Oaks will our patriots stand,
And our loves as the rose, blossom bright;
Then a cheer for the Oak, and a smile for the Rose;—
While our islands are studded with these,
We still shall our national feelings disclose,
In the first of the flowers and the trees.

THE GIPSY'S BLESSING.

(Air.—RANSFORD.)

I.

Fair Ellen Gray wandered, 'twas by the wood side,
The reason—ah! none could discover;
The village girls mocked her and sportively cried
“She look'd, but in vain, for a lover;”
A poor Gipsy wanderer was passing that way,
Who asked her, in accents distressing,
“Oh spare me a trifle, dear lady, I pray,
And the Gipsy shall give thee her blessing.”

II.

She spoke not in vain—though Ellen was poor,
A brief tale of sorrow could grieve her;
She guessed but the pangs the poor wretch might
endure,
To feel them her own and relieve her;
Oh lady, dear lady, the lone wanderer cried,
Her half-starving infant caressing,
“Thou wilt soon be a happy, a beautiful bride,
Then take thou a poor Gipsy's blessing.”

III.

A youth who'd long sigh'd, but ne'er ventured to speak,
For the hand of the beautiful Ellen,
Came by, while the blushes were warm on her cheek,
And first his love-tale ventur'd telling;
He wooed and he won, and they both, from that day,
When their fairy-formed children caressing,
May be oft, with a smile of delight, heard to say
"That they thrive 'neath the poor Gipsy's blessing."

THE END.

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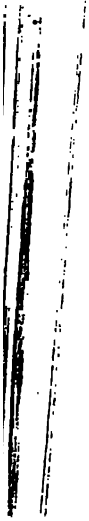
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